



To all the constant Ladies & Gentlewomen of England that feare God.



Ardon me (sweete Ladies,) if at this present, I deprive you of a iust Apology in defence of your constant Chastities, deserued of many of you, and long sithence promised by my selfe, to some of you: and pardon mee the sooner, for that I haue long expected that the same should haue bene performed by some of your selues, which I know are well able, if you were but so wellwilling to write in your owne praise, as many men in these dayes (whose tounge are ript with poyson) are too ready and ouer willing, to speake and write to your disgrace. This occasion had bene most fit, (publishing now the praise of a constant wife) if I had bene but almost ready. But the future time may agayne reueale as fit a meanes heereafter for the perfourmance of the same: if so it seeme good to him that moderateth all. Concerning this booke which I haue presumed to dedicate to the safe protection of your accustomed courtesies; if yee aske me for the persons: I am altogether ignorant of them, and haue set them downe onely as I finde them named or disciphered in my author. For the trueth of
* 2 this

The Epistle dedicatory.

his action, if you enquire, I will more fully deliuer my opinion hereafter. Touching the substance of the matter it selfe, I thinke verily that the nature, woordes, gestures, promises, and very quintessence, as it were, is there liuely described, of such lewd chapmen as vse to entise silly maides, and assayle the Chastity of honest women. And no doubt but some of you, that haue beene tried in the like case, (if euer you were tryed,) shall in some one part or other acknowledge it to be true. If mine Author haue found a Brytaine Lucretia, or an English Susanna, enuy not at her prayse (good Ladies) but rather endeuor to deserue the like. There may be as much done for any of you, as he hath done for his AVISA. Whatsoever is in me, I haue vowed it wholly, to the exalting of the glory of your sweete sex, as time, occasion and ability shall permit. In the meane time I rest yours in all dutyfull affection, and commend you all to his protection, vnder whose mercy we enioy all.

*Your most affectionate,
Hadrian Dorrell.*





To the gentle & courteous Reader.



I is not long sithence (gentle Reader) that my very good friend and chamber fellow M. Henry Willobie, a yong man, and a scholler of very good hope, being desirous to see the fashions of other countries for a time, departed voluntarily to her Maiesties seruice. Who at his departure, chose me amongst the rest of his frendes, vnto whome he reposed so much trust, that he deliuered me the key of his study, and the vse of all his bookes till his returne. Amongest which (perusing them at leysure,) I found many pretty & witty conceites, as I suppose of his owne dooing. One among the rest I fancied so much, that I haue ventured so farre vpon his friendship, as to publish it without his consent. As I thinke it not necessary, to be ouer curious in an other mans labour, so yet something I must say for the better understanding of the whole matter. And therefore, first for the thing it selfe, whether it be altogether fayned, or in some part true, or altogether true, and yet in most part Poetically shadowed, you must giue me leaue to speake by coniecture, and not by knowledge. My coniecture is doubtfull, and therfore I make you the Iudges. Concerning the name of *AVISA*, I thinke it to be a fayned name, like vnto Ouids *Corinna*; and there are two causes that make mee thus to thinke. First, for that I neuer heard of any of that name that I remember; and next for that

The Epistle

in a voide paper rolled up in this booke, I found this very name AVISA, written in great letters a pretie distance a sunder, & vnder euery letter a word beginning with the same letter, in this forme.

A. V. I. S. A.
Amans. vxor. inuiolata. semper. amanda.

That is in effect. A louing wife, that neuer violated her faith, is alwaies to be beloued. Which makes me coniecture that he minding for his recreation to set out the Idea of a constant wife, (rather describing what good wiues should doe then registering what any hath done) deuised a womans name, that might fitly expresse this womans nature whom he would aime at: desirous in this (as I coniecture) to imitate a far off, ether Plato in his Common wealth, or More in his Vtopia. This my surmise of his meaning, is confirmed also by the sight of other odd papers that I found, wherein he had, as I take it, out of Cornelius Agrippa, drawen the seuerall dispositions of the Italian, the Spanyard, the French man, the German, and the English man, and how they are affected in loue. The Italian dissembling his loue, assaileth the woman beloued, with certaine prepared wantonnesse: hee praiseth her in written verses, and extolleth her to the Heauens.

The Spanyard is vnpatient in burning loue, very mad with troubled lasciuiousnesse, hee runneth furiously, and with pittysfull complaints, bewailing his seruent desire, dath call vpon his Lady, and worshipping her, but hauing obtained his purpose maketh her common to all men.

The French man endeuoreth to serue, he seeketh to pleasure his woman with songes, and disports &c.

The Germane & Englishman being nigher of nature, are inflamed by little and little, but being enamored, they instantly require with arte, and entice with giftes &c. Which seuerall

To the Reader.

all qualities are generally expressed by this Author in the two first trials or assaultes made by the noble man, and the lustie Cavalieros, Captaines, or Cutters &c. Signifying by this generalitie that our noble men, gentlemen, captaines, and lusty yonthes haue of late learned the fashions of all these countries, how to sollicit their cause, & court, their Ladies, & louers, & this continueth from the second Canto, to the ende of the two and twentieth.

After this he comes to describe these natures againe in particular examples more plainly, and beginneth first with the French man under the shadow of these Letters D. B. from the three and twentieth Canto vnto the end of the three and thirtieth. Secondly the Englishman or Germane, under these Letters D. H. from the 34. Canto vnto the end of the forty three. Lastly the Spanyard and Italian, who more furiously innuadeth his loue, & more pathetically indureth then all the rest, from the forty foure Canto to the ende of the booke. It seemes that in this last example the author names himselfe, and so describeth his owne loue, I know not, and I will not bee curious.

All these are so rightly described according to their nature, that it may seeme the Author rather meant to shew what suites might be made, and how they may be answered, then that there hath bene any such thing indeede.

These thinges of the one side leade me to thincke it altogether a fained matter, both for the names and the substance, and a plaine morrall plot, secretly to insinuate, how honest maides & women in such temptations should stand upon their guard, considering the glory & praise that commendes a spotlesse life, and the blacke ignominy, & foule contempt that waiteth vpon a wicked and dissolute behauiour.

Yet of the other side, when I do more deeply consider of it,

The Epistle

& more narrowly weigh euery particular part, I am driven to thinke that there is something of truth hidden vnder this shadow. The reasons that moue me are these, First in the same paper where I found the name of AVISA written in great letters, as I said before, I found this also written with the Authors owne hand, videlicet, Yet I would not haue AVISA to be thought a politike fiction, nor a truthlesse inuention, for it may be, that I haue at least heard of one in the west of England, in whome the substance of all this hath bene verified, and in many thinges the very wordes specified: which hath indured these and many more, and many greater assaultes, yet, as I heare, she standes vnspotted, and vnconquered:

Againe, if we marke the exact descriptions of her birth, her countrie, the place of her abode, and such other circumstances, but especially the matter and manner of their talkes and conferences, me thinkes it a matter almost impossible that any man could inuent all this without some ground or foundation to build on.

This inforceth me to coniecture, that though the matter be handled poetically, yet there is something vnder these fained names and shewes that hath bene done truly. Now iudge you, for I can giue no sentence in that I know not. If there bee any such constant wife, (as I doubt not but there may bee) I wish that there were more would spring from her ashes, and that all were such. VVhether my Author knew, or heard of any such I cannot tell, but of mine owne knowledge I dare to sweare, that I know one. A. D. that either hath, or would, if occasion were so offered, indure these, and many greater temptations with a constant mind, and settled heart. And therefore here I must worthely reprehend the enuious rage, both of Heathen Poets, and of some Christian and English writers, which
so

To the Reader.

So farre debase the credite and strength of the whole sexe, that they feare not with lying tounge wickedly to publish, that there are none at all that can continue constant, if they bee tried.

Hereof sprang these false accusing speeches of the old Poets.

Ludunt formosæ, casta est, quam nemo rogauit.

Faire wenches loue to play.

And they are onely chaste, whome no man doth assay.

And againe

Rara auis in terris, nigroq; simillima cygno,
Fœmina casta volat.

A rare-seene bird that neuer flies, on earth ne yet in aire,
Like blackish Swan, a woman chaste; if she be yong and faire.

This false opinion bred those foule-mouthed speeches of Frier Mantuan, that upbraides all women with fleeting vncostancy. This made Ariosto and others to inuent, and publish so many lewd and vnttrue tales of womens unfaithfulness. And this is the cause, that in this booke ye shall so often find it obiected against AVISA by all her sutors, that no woman of what degree so euer can be constant if she be much requested, but that the best will yeeld. But the best is, this common and course conceit is receiued but onely among common, lewd, & carelesse men, who being wicked themselves, giue sentence of all others, according to the loose and lawlesse humors wherewithall they feelee their owne straying and wandring affections to be infected. For they forsooth, because in diners and sundrie places, (as they often wickedly boast) they may for an Angell and a great deale lesse haue hired a whore to ride at their pleasure, such as make a sinnefull gaine of a filthy carkasse; because in other countries, where stews and brothelhouses are winckt at, they see oftentimes, the fairest and not the meaneest flocke to the fellowship of such filthy freedome, I thinke presently, that it is but a mony matter, or a little intreatie, to ouer-

The Epistle

throw the chastity of any woman whatsoeuer. But if all women were in deede such as the woman figured vnder the name of AVISA either is, or at least is supposed to bee, they should quickly restore againe their auncient credite and glory which a few wic ed wantons haue thus generally obscured. In the twentie and seuen Canto, I find how D. B. perswadeth with A. that it is little sinne or no fault to loue a friend besides her husband. VVhereupon, inquiring more of the matter I haue heard some of the occupation verifie it for a trueth: That among the best sort, they are accompted very honest women in some cities now, that loue but one friend besides their husband, and that it is thought amongst them a thing almost lawfull. If this be true, (as I hardly thincke it to bee true, because wicked men feare not to report any vntrueths) but if it be true, I feare least the ripenesse of our sinne cry to the Lord for vengeance against vs, that tremble not at the remembrance of Gods iudgements, that hath bound a heavy curse & woe vpon the backe and conscience of them, That speake good of euill, and euill of good. that is, such as are growne to that pointe, that they are no longer ashamed of their sinne, nor care for any honesty, but are become wilfully desperate in the performance of all kind of impiety.

But I leane this to the godly preachers to dilate more amply. And to retorne to my purpose, although I must confesse that of all sortes of people, there haue bene & will be still some loosely and lewdly giuen, yet this can bee no excuse to lauish the tounes, to condemne all generally. For, I dare to venter my hand, and my head vpon this point, that, let the foure moral vertues be in order set downe.

Prudence
Fortitude
Temperance
Iustice } and let the

holy scriptures be searched from the beginning to the end, &
let

To the Reader.

let all the ancient histories both ecclesiasticall and prophane be thorowly examined, and there will bee found women inough, that in the performance of all these vertues, haue matched, if not ouermatched men of euery age, which I dare my selfe, to verifie in their behalves vpon the venter and losing of my credite, if I had time and leasure. Among infinite numbers to giue you a taste of one or two: for wisdome, and Iustice, what say you to Placilla, wife to the Emperour Theodosius? She was wont euery day in her owne person, to visite the sicke, the poore, and the maymed: And if at any time shee saw the Emperour declining from Iustice to any hard course, shee would bid him Remember himselfe, from whence he came, & what he was, in what state hee had bene, and in what state he was now; which if he would do, he should neuer wax proud nor cruell, but rather humble, mercifull and iust.

Theodoret.
eccles. hist. li
5. cap. 17.

For temperance, how say you to the wife of one Pelagius, of Laodicea, which being yong her selfe, and married to a yong and lusty man, was yet notwithstanding contented willingly, to forbear carnall pleasure, during her whole life. I bring not this womans example, for any liking I haue to her fact, being lawfully married, but rather, against the curious carpers at womens strength, to proue that some women haue done that, which few men can doe.

Theodor. ecc
hist. li. 4. c. 10

For Fortitude and temperance both, I finde, that in Antioche, there was a noble woman with her two daughters, rather then they would be deflowred, cast themselues all willingly into a great riuer, and so drowned themselues.

Eusebius lib
8. cap. 24.

And also, that in Rome there was a Senatours wife, who when she heard, that there were messengers sent from Maxentius the tirant, to bring her vnto him, perforce to be rauished of him; and seing that her husband was not of ability

cap. 27. Look
for Blandina
in Eusebius.
rare example
of constancy
& fortitude.

The Epistle

and power to defend her, she used this pollicy. Shee requested that they wold giue her leaue to put on som better apparel & to attire her selfe more decently: which being graunted, and she gotten into a chamber by her selfe, she tooke a sword and perced her selfe to the hart, rather then she would be counted the Emperours whore.

By this may be seene what might be sayd in this argument, but leauing this to some other time, or to some other better able; I returne to my author.

For the persons & matter, you haue heard my coniecture, now for the manner of the composition, disposition, inuention, and order of the verse, I must leaue euery mans sence to himselfe, for that which pleaseth me, may not fancy others. But to speake my iudgement, the inuention, the argument, and the disposition, is not common, nor, (that I know) euer handled of any man before in this order. For the composition and order of the verse: Although hee flye not alofte with the winges of Astrophell, nor dare to compare with the Arcadian shepheard, or any way match with the dainetie Fayry Queene; yet shall you find his wordes and phrases, neither Tryuiall nor absurd, but all the whole worke for the verse, pleasant, without hardnesse, smooth without any roughnesse, sweete without tediousnesse, easie to be vnderstood, without harrish absurdity: yeelding a gracious harmony euery where, to the delight of the Reader.

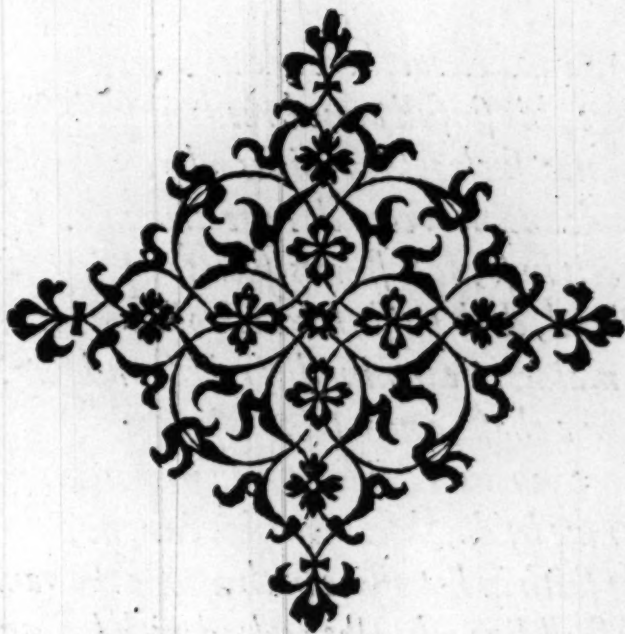
I haue christened it by the name of Willoby his Auifa: because I suppose it was his doing, being written with his owne hand. How he will like my bouldnes, both in the publishing, and naming of it, I know not. For the incouraging and helping of maides and wines to holde an honest and conastnt course against all vnhonefst and lewd temptations, I haue doone that I haue doone. I haue not added nor detracted any thing
from

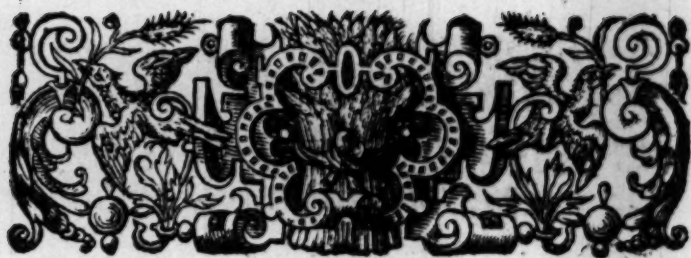
To the Reader.

rom the worke it selfe, but haue let it passe without altering any thing: Onely in the end I haue added to fill up some voyd paper certaine fragmentes and ditties, as a resolution of a chaste and constant wife, to the tune of Fortune, and the praise of a contented mind, which I found wrapped altogether with this, and therefore knew not whether it did any way belong vnto this or not.

Thus leauing to trouble your patience with farder delaies. I commit you to the good gouernment of Gods spirit. From my chamber in Oxford this first of October.

Hadrian Dorrell.





Abell Emet in commendation of
Willobies Auifa.

TO Willoby, you worthy Dames yeeld worthy prayse,
Whose siluer pype so sweetly sounds your strange delays,
Whose lofty style, with golden winges remountes your fame,
The glory of your Princely sex, the spotles name:
O happy wench, who so she be if any be,
That thus deserud thus to be praisd by Willobie,
Shall I beleeeue, I must beleeeue, such one there is,
Well hast thou said, long maist thou say, such on there is,
If one there be, I can beleeeue there are no more,
This wicked age, this sinfull tyme breeds no such store:
Such siluer myntes, such golden mines who could refuse?
Such offers made and not receu'd, I greatly muse.
Such deepe deceit in frendly shewes, such tempting fittes,
To still withstand, doth passe the reach of womens wittes:
You Country maides, Pean nimphes reioyse and sing,
To see from you a chast, a new Diana spring:
At whose report you must not frett, you may not frowne,
But rather stryue by due desert for like renowne,
Her constant faith in hot assaye hath wonne the game,
Whose praise shall liue, when she is dead with lasting fame:
If my conceit from strangers mouth may credit get,
A brauer Theame, more sweetly pend, was neuer yet.

Abell Emet.

*In praise of Willobie his Auifa, Hex-
ameton to the Author.*

IN Lauine Land though Liue bost,
There hath beene seene a Constant dame:
Though Rome lament that she haue lost
The Gareland of her rarest fame,
Yet now we see, that here is found,
As great a Faith in English ground.

Though Collatine haue deerebought,
To high renowne, a lasting life,
And found, that most in vaine haue sought,
To haue a Faire, and Constant wife,
Yet Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,
And Shake-speare, paints poore Lucrece rape.

Though Susan shine in faithfull praise,
As twinckling Starres in Christall skie,
Penelop's fame though Greekes do raise,
Of faithfull wiues to make up three,
To thinke the Truth, and say no lesse,
Our Auifa shall make a messe.

This number knits so sure a knot,
Time doubtles, that she shall adde no more,
Vnconstant Nature, hath begot,
Of Fleting Feemes, such fickle store,
Two thousand yeares, haue scarcely seene,
Such as the worst of these haue beene.

Then

Then Aui-Susan ioyne in one,
Let Lucres-Auis be thy name,
This English Eagle sores alone,
And farre surmounts all others fame,
Where high or low, where great or small,
This Brytan Bird out-flies them all.

Were these three happie, that haue found,
Braue Poets to depaint their praise?
Of Rurall Pipe, with sweetest sound,
That haue beene heard these many daies,
Sweete wylloby his AVIS blest,
That makes her mount aboue the rest.

Contraria Contrarijs:
Vigilantijs: Dormitantijs.

Faults escaped.

Folio 8 b staf 2 ver 1 reade bane ver 3 wane Fol 18 a staf 1 ver 1. Soyle staf 4 ve 6
foxly b staf 4 ver 2 and Fol 26 a staf 3 ver 4. foole Fol 27 a staf 3 ver 1. Greece
b staf 1 ver 4 frey staf 2 ver 6 fond Fol 28 b staf 1 ver 1 die staf 3 ver 6 from.



WILLOBIE HIS AVISA,

OR

The true picture of a modest Maide,
and of a chaste and constant
wife.

CANT. I.



Et martiall men,
of Mars his praise,
Sound warlike trumpe:
let lust-led youth,
Of wicked loue,
write wanton layes;
Let sheepeheards sing,
their sheepe coates ruth:
The wiser sort,
confesse it plaine,

That these haue spent good time in vaine.

My sleepeie Muse that wakes but now,
Nor now had wak't if one had slept,
To vertues praise hath past her vow,
To paint the Rose which grace hath kept,
Of sweetest Rose, that still doth spring,
Of vertues birde my Muse must sing.

B

The

Willobie

The birde that doth resemble right,
The Turtles faith in constant loue,
The faith that first her promise plight;
No change, nor chance could once remoue:
This haue I tri'd; This dare I trust,
And sing the truth, I will, I must.

Afflicted *Susans* spotlesse thought,
Intit by lust to sinfull crime,
To lasting fame her name hath brought,
Whose praise incounters endlesse time:
I sing of one whose beauties warre,
For trials passe *Susanna's* farre.

The wandring Greekes renowned mate,
That still withstoode such hote assayes,
Of raging lust whose doubtfull state,
Sought strong refuge, from strange delayes,
For fierce assaults and tryals rare,
With this my Nymph may not compare,

Hote tryals try where Golde be pure,
The Diamond daunts the sharpest edge,
Light chaffe, fierce flames may not indure,
All quickly leape the lowly hedge,
The obiect of my Muse hath past
Both force and flame, yet stands she fast.

Though Egle-cyde this bird appeare,
Not blusht at beames of Phœbus raies:
Though Faulkcon wing'd to pearce the aire,
Whose high-pla'ist hart no feare dismaies:
Yet sprang she not from Egles nest,
But Turtle-bred, loues Turtle best.

At wester side of Albions Ile,
 Where Austine pitcht his Monkish tent,
 Where Sheapheards sing, where Muses smile,
 The graces met with one consent,
 To frame each one in sundry parte,
 Some cunning worke to shew their arte.

First *Venus* fram'd a luring eye,
 A sweete aspect, and comly grace;
 There did the Rose and Lillie lie,
 That brauely deckt a smiling face,
 Here Cupids mother bent her wil,
 In this to shew her vtmost skill.

Then *Pallas* gaue a reaching head,
 With deepe conceites, and passing wit,
 A settled mind, not fancie-led,
 Abhorring Cupids frantique fit,
 With modest lookes, and blushing cheekes,
 A filed tongue which none mislikes.

Diana deckt the remnant partes
 With fewture braue, that nothing lacke,
 A quiuer full of pearcing Darts,
 She gaue her hanging at her backe;
 And in her hand a Golden shaft,
 To conquer Cupids creeping craft.

This done they come to take the view,
 Of nouell worke, of perelesse frame;
 Amongst them three, contention grew,
 But yet *Diana* gaue the name,
 Auisa shall she called be,
 The chiefe attendant still on me.

Willobie

When *Iuno* view'd her luring grace,
 Olde *Iuno* blusht to see a new,
 She fear'd least Ioue would like this face,
 And so perhaps might play vntrew,
 They all admir'd so sweete a sight,
 They all enuide so rare a wight.

Beautie without
 riches, is
 as a faire pict-
 ure without
 life.

When *Iuno* came to giue her wealth,
 (Which wanting beautie, wants her life)
 She cryde, this face needes not my pelffe,
 Great riches sow the feedes of strife:
 I doubt not, some Olympian power
 Will fill her lap, with Golden shower.

Jealousie
 breedes enuy:
 Both together
 breed frenzie
 yet neither of
 them both
 can preuaile
 against wan-
 dering fancie.

This iealous *Iuno* faintly said,
 As halfe misdeeming wanton Ioue,
 But chaste *Diana* tooke the maide,
 Such new-bred qualmes quite to remoue:
 O iealous enuie, filthie beast,
 For enuie *Iuno* gaue her least.

A straunge
 bayte.

In lew of *Iun'os* Golden parte,
Diana gaue her double grace;
 A chaste desire, a constant heart,
 Disdaine of loue in fawning face,
 A face, and eye, that should intice
 A smile, that should deceiue the wise.

A sober tongue that should allure,
 And draw great numbers to the fielde;
 A flintie hart, that should indure
 All fierce assaults, and neuer yeelde,
 And seeming oft as though she would;
 Yet fardest off when that she should.

his Auifa.

3

Can filthy sinke yeelde holtsome aire,
Or vertue from a vice proceede?
Can enuious hart, or iealous feare
Repell the things that are decreed?
By enuie though she lost her thrift,
She got by grace a better gift.

Not farre from thence there lyes a vale,
A rosie vale in pleasant plaine;
The Nimphes frequent this happie dale,
Olde Helicon reuiues againe;
Here Muses sing, here Satyres play,
Here mirth resounds both night and day.

At East of this, a Castle stands,
By auncient shepheards built of olde,
And lately was in shepheards hands;
Though now by brothers bought and solde,
At west side springs a Christall well;
There doth this chaste *Auifa* dwell.

And there she dwels in publique eye,
Shut vp from none that list to see;
She answeres all that list to try,
Both high and low of each degree:
But few that come, but feele her dart,
And try her well ere they depart.

They try'd her hard in hope to gaine,
Her milde behauiour breeds their hope,
Their hope assures them to obtaine,
Till hauing runne their witlesse scope;
They find their vice by vertue crost,
Their foolish words, and labour lost.

This

Willobie

This strange effect, that all should craue,
Yet none obtaine their wrong desire,
A secret gift, that nature gaue,
To feele the frost, amidst the fire:

Blame not this Dians Nimphe too much,
Sith God by nature made her such.

Let all the graces now be glad,
That fram'd a grace that past them all,
Let *Iuno* be no longer sad;
Her wanton Ioue hath had a fall;
Ten yeares haue tryde this constant dame,
And yet she holds a spotles fame.

Along this plaine there lyes a downe,
Where sheepeheardes feed their frisking flocke;
Her Sire the Maior of the towne,
A louely shout of auncient stocke,
Full twentie yeares she liued a maide,
And neuer was by man betrayde.

At length by *Iuno's* great request,
Diana loth, yet gaue her leaue,
Of flowring yeares, to spend the rest
In wed-locke band; but yet receiue,
Quod she, this gift; Thou virgin pure,
Chast wife in wed-locke shalt indure.

A good gift.

O happie man that shall enioy
A blessing of so rare a price;
That frees the hart from such annoy;
As often doth torment the wife,
A louing wife vnto her death,
With full assurance of her faith.

When

his Auifa.

4

When flying fame began to tell,
How beauties wonder was returnd,
From countrie hils, in towne to dwell,
With special gifts and grace adorn'd,
Of futors store there might you see;
And some were men, of high degree.

But wisdom wild her chuse her mate,
If that she lou'd a happy life,
That might be equall to her state,
To crop the sprigges of future strife;
Where rich in grace, wher sound in health,
Most men do wed, but for the wealth.

Though iealous *Iuno* had denyde
This happy wench, great store of pelffe:
Yet is she now in wedlocke tyde,
To one that loues her as himselfe;
So thus they liue, and thus they loue;
And God doth blesse them from aboue.

This rare seene bird, this Phoenix sage
Yeelds matter to my drowfie pen,
The mirror of this sinneful age,
That giues vs beasts in shapes of men,
Such beasts as still continue sinne,
Where age doth leaue, there youths begin.

Our English soile, to Sodoms sinke
Excessiue sinne transformd of late,
Of foule deceite the lothsome linke,
Hath worne all faith cleane out of date,
The greatest sinnes mongst greatest sort,
Are counted now but for a sport.

Willobie

2. Chro. 15. 16

Old Asues grandame is restor'd;
Her grouie Caues are new refinde:
The monster Idoll is ador'd
By lustie dames of Macha's kinde:
They may not let this worship fall,
Although they leese their honours all.

Numer. 25. 6.

Our Moab Cozbies cast no feare,
To let in view of euery eye,
Their gainelesse games they holde so deere,
They follow must, although they dye.
For why? the sword that Phineas wore,
Is broken now, and cuts no more.

My tender Musc, that neuer try'd
Her ioynted wings till present time,
At first the perelesse bird espy'd,
That mounts aloft, deuoide of crime;
Though high she sores, yet will I trie,
Where I her passage can discry.

Her high conceites, her constant minde;
Her sober talke, her stout denies;
Her chaste aduise, here shall you find;
Her fierce assaults, her milde replies,
Her dayly fight with great and small,
Yet constant vertue conquers all.

The first that saies to plucke the Rose,
That scarce appear'd without the bud,
With Gorgeous shewes of Golden glose,
To sow the seeds that were not good:
Suppose it were some noble man
That tride her thus, and thus began.

The

The first triall of A V I S A , before
 she was married, by a Noble man: vnder
which is represented a warning to all young maids
 of euery degree, that they beware of the allu-
 ring intisements of great
 men.

CANT. II.



Ow isthe time,
 if thou be wise,
 Thou happie maide,
 if thou canst see,
 Thy happiest time,
 take good aduise,
 Good fortune laughs,
 be rulde by me:
 Be rulde by me,
 and her's my faith,

N O B.

No Golde shall want thee till thy death.

Thou knowest my power, thou seest my might,
 Thou knowest I can maintaine thee well,
 And helpe thy friends vnto their right;
 Thou shalt with me for euer dwell,
 My secret friend thou shalt remaine,
 And all shall turne to thy great gaine.

Thou seest thy parents meane estate,
 That barres the hope of greater chance;
 And if thou proue not wise too late,
 Thou maist thy selfe, and thine aduance:
 Repulse not fondly this good hap,
 That now lies offred in thy lap.

C

Aboun.

Willobie

Abandon feare that bars consent,
Repel the shame that feares a blot,
Let wisdom way what faith is ment,
That all may praise thy happie lot;
 Thinke not I seeke thy liues disgrace;
 For thou shalt haue a Ladies place.

Thou art the first my fancie chose,
I know thy friends will like it well:
This friendly fault to none disclose,
And what thou thinkst, blush not to tell,
 Thou seest my loue, thou know'st my mind,
 Now let me feele, what grace I find.

CANT. III.

AVISA **Y**Our Honours place, your riper yeares,
 Might better frame some grauer talks:
Midst sunnie rayes, this cloud appeares;
Sweete Roses grow on prickly stalkes:
 If I conceiue, what you request,
 You aime at that I most detest.

My tender age that wants aduice,
And craues the aide of sager guides,
Should rather learne for to be wise,
To stay my steps from slipperie slides;
 Then thus to sucke, then thus to tast
 The poy'sned sap, that kils at last.

I wonder what your wisdom ment,
Thusto assault a silly maide:
Some simple wench, might chance consent,
By false resembling shewes betraide:
 I haue by grace a natiue shield,
 To lewd assaults that cannot yeeld,

I am too base to be your wife,
You choose me for your secret friend;
That is to lead a filthy life,
Whereon attends a fearefull end:
Though I be poore, I tell you plaine,
To be your whore, I flat disdaine.

Your high estate, your siluer shrines,
Repleate with wind and filthy stinke;
Your glittering gifts, your golden mynes,
May force some fooles perhaps to shrinke:
But I haue learnd that sweetest bayt,
Oft throwds the hooke of most defayt.

What great good hap, what happie time,
Your proffer brings, let yeelding maids
Of former age, which thought to clime,
To highest tops of earthly aids,
Come backe a while, and let them tell,
Where wicked liues haue ended well.

Shores wife, a Princes secret friend,
Faire Rosomond, a Kings delight:
Yet both haue found a gastly end,
And fortunes friends, felt fortunes spight:
What greater ioyes, could fancie frame,
Yet now we see, their lasting shame.

If princely pallace haue no power,
To shade the shame of secret sinne,
If blacke reproch such names deuoure,
What gaine, or glory can they winne,
That tracing tracts of shamelesse trade,
A hate of God, and man are made:

Willobie

This onely vertue must aduaunce
My meane estate to ioyfull blisse:
For she that swaies dame vertues launce,
Of happie state can neuer misse,
But they that hope to gaine by vice,
Shall surely proue too late vnwise.

The roote of woe is fond desire,
That neuer feeles her selfe content:
But wanton wing'd, will needes aspire,
To finde the thing, she may lament,
A courtly state, a Ladies place,
My former life will quite deface.

Such strange conceites may hap preuaile,
With such as loue such strong desyre,
But I am taught such qualmes to quail,
And flee such sweete alluring bayts,
The witleffe Flie playes with the flame,
Till she be scorched with the same.

You long to know what grace you find,
In me, perchance, more then you would,
Except you quickly change your mind,
I find in you, lesse then I should,
Moue this no more, vse no reply,
I'll keepe mine honour till I die.

CANT. IIII.

N O B.

A Las, good soule, and will yee for:
You will be chaste *Diana's* mate;
Till time haue woue the web of woe,
Then to repent wil be too late,
You shew your selfe so foole-precise,
That I can hardly thinke you wise,

You

You sprang belike from Noble stocke,
That stand so much vpon your fame,
You hope to stay vpon the rocke,
That will preferue a faultlesse name,
But while you hunt for needelesse praise,
You loose the Prime of sweetest daies.

A merry time, when cuntry maides
Shall stand (forsooth) vpon their garde;
And dare controll the Courtiers deedes,
At honours gate that watch and warde;
When Milke maids shal their pleasures flie,
And on their credits must relie.

Ah silly wench, take not a pride,
Though thou my raging fancie moue,
Thy betters far, if they were try'd,
Would faine accept my proffered loue;
T'was for thy good, if thou hadst wist,
For I may haue whome ere I list.

But here thy folly may appeare,
Art thou preciser then a Queene:
Queene *Ioane* of Naples did not feare,
To quite mens loue, with loue againe:
And *Messalina*, t'is no newes,
Was dayly seene to haunt the stewes.

Cornelius A-
grippa.

And *Cleopatra*, prince of Nile,
With more then one was wont to play:
And yet she keeps her glorious stile,
And fame that neuer shall decaie,
What need'st thou then to feare of shame,
When Quenes and Nobles vse the same?

Willobie

CANT. V.

AVISA Needs must the sheepe strake all awaie,
Whose sheepleads wander from their way:
Needes must the sickly patient die,
Whose Doctor seekes his liues decay:
Needs must the people well be taught,
Whose chiefeſt leaders all are naught.

Such lawleſſe guides Gods people found,
When Moab maides allur'd their fall;
They fought no ſalue to cure this wound,
Till God commaunds, to hange them all;
For wicked life, a ſhamefull end
To wretched men, the Lord doth ſend.

Was earth conſumde with wicakfull waues?
Did Sodom burne and after ſinke?
What ſinne is that, which vengauce craues,
If wicked luſt no ſinne we thinke?
O blind conceites! O filthy breath!
That drawes vs headlong to our death.

If death be due to euery ſinne,
How can I then be too precife?
Where pleaſures end, if paine beginne,
What neede haue we, then to be wiſe?
They weaue indeed the web of woe,
That from the Lord doe yeeld to goe.

I will remember whence I came,
I hunt not for this worldly praiſe,
I long to keepe a blameleſſe fame,
And conſtant hart gainſt hard aſſaies:
If this be folly, want of ſkill,
I will remaine thus fooliſh ſtill.

The

The blindfold rage of Heathen Queenes,
Or rather queanes that know not God,
Gods heauie iudgements tried since,
And felt the waight of angry rod;
God saue me from that Sodomes crie,
Whose deadly sting shall neuer die.

CANT. VI.

FOrgiue me wench, I did mistake,
I little thought, that you could preach,
All worldly ioyes, you must forsake:
For so your great Diuines doe teach,
But yet beware, be not too bold,
A yongling Saint, a Deuill old.

N O B.

Well wanton well, thou art but yong,
This is the error of thy youth,
Thou wilt repent this faith ere long,
And see too late (perhaps) the truth;
And they that seeme so pure at first,
Are often found in prooffe the worst.

Thy youth and beautie will not last,
For sicknes one, the other age
May captiue take, when both are past,
You may haue leasure to be sage,
The time will come, if these retire,
The worst will scorne that I desire.

Of chaste renowme, you seeke the praise,
You build your hope aboue the ayre,
When wonders last not twentic daies,
What need you rusticke rumors feare?
Esteeme not words aboue thy wealth,
Which must procure thy credits health.

And

Willobie

And yet in truth I can not see,
From whence such great discredit growes,
To liue in spight of euery eye,
And swim in filkes, and brauest shewes,
To take the choise of daintiest meate,
And see thy betters stand and waite.

These graue respects breede pleasures braue,
Thy youthly yeares for ioyes craue,
And fading credit hath his waue,
That none to thee doth shine so braue:
That smokie fame which likes thee best,
The wisest haue esteemed least.

CANT. VII.

AVISA

WELL now I see, why Christ commends,
To louing mates the Serpents wit,
That stops his eares, and so defends
His hart, from luring sounds vnfit,
If you your madnes still bewraye,
I'll stop my eares, or goe my way.

Ulysses wise, yet dar'd not stay
The tising sound of Syrens song:
What fancie then doth me betray,
That thinke my selfe, so wise and strong;
That dare to heare, what you dare speake,
And hope for strength, when you beweake?

My wisdome is the liuing Lord,
That giues me grace which nature wants,
That holds my seate from waies abhord,
And in my hart good motions plants:
With him I dare to bide the field,
Striue while you list, I can not yeeld.

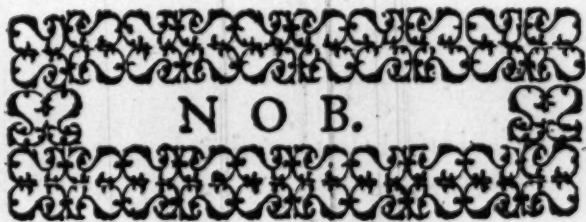
Fond

Fond fauour failes, the time will passe,
All earthly pleasures haue their end,
We see not that, which sometime was,
Nor that which future times will send:
You say the truth, remember this,
And then confesse, you stray amisse.

The shorter time, the greater care,
Are pleasures vaine: the lesse delight,
Are daungers nye: why then beware,
From base affections take your flight,
Thinke God a reckning will require,
And striue to quail this bad desire.

To swim in silkes, and braue aray,
Is that you thinke which women loue,
That leads poore maides so oft astray,
That are not garded from aboue:
But this I know, that know not all,
Such wicked pride, will haue a fall.

C A N T. VIII.



A Las the feare, alas the fall,
And what's the fall, that you so feare?
To tosse good fortunes golden ball,
And gaine the goale I prize so deare,
I doubt least these your needlesse feares,
Will bar good hap, from witleffe yeares.

D

Thy

Willobie

Thy age experience wants I see,
And lacking tryall art afraid,
Least ventring farre to credit me,
Our secret dealings might bewrayd;
What then doth not my mightie name,
Suffice to sheeld thy fact from shame?

Who dares to stirre, who dares to speake,
Who dares our dealings to reprove?
Though some suspect, yet none will creak,
Or once controll thy worthy loue;
My might will stand for thy defence,
And quite thee cleare from great offence.

Who sees our face, knowes not our facts,
Though we our sport in secret vse,
Thy cheekes will not bewray thy acts,
But rather blushing make excuse:
If thou wilt yeeld, here is my faith,
I'll keepe it secret till thy death.

To seeme as chaste, let that suffice,
Although indeed thou be not so,
Thus deale our women that are wise,
And let thy godly Doctors go,
Still faine as though thou godly art,
It is inough, who knowes thy hart?

Let not the idle vulgar voice,
Of fained credit witch thee so,
To force thee leaue this happie choise,
And flying pleasure liue in woe;
If thou refuse, assure thy mind,
The like of this shalt neuer find.

CANT. IX.



L Et that word stand, let that be true,
 I doe refuse and so doe still,
 God shield me from your cursed crew,
 That thus are led by beastly will,
 It grieues my hart, that I doe find
 In Noble bloud so base a mind.

On worldly feare, you thinke I stand,
 Or fame that may my shame resound,
 No Sir, I feare his mightie hand,
 That will both you and me confound,
 His feare it is that makes me stay
 My wandring steps from wicked way.

Who dares, say you, our facts vnfold:
 Eu'n he that can mightie Kings tame,
 And he that Princes hath controld,
 He dares prouide a mightie shame,
 What fence haue you for to withstand
 His fire plagues, and heuie hand:

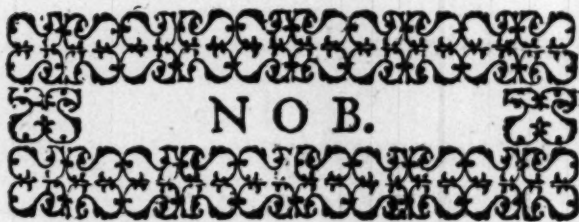
Though *Samson* queld the Lyons rage,
 Though *Solomon*, a mightie King,
 Yet when to sinne their harts they gage,
 On both doth God confusion bring,
 How can you then his wrath auoid,
 That you and yours be not destroid:

Willobie

He sees our facts, he viewes our deeds,
Although we sinne in secret place,
A guiltie conscience alwaies bleeds:
My faults will shew vpon my face,
My cheekes will blush, when I doe sin;
Let all men know, when I begin.

To seeme as chaste, and not to be,
To beare a shew, and yet to faine,
Is this the loue, you beare to me,
To damne my soule in lasting paine?
If this the best you haue to say,
Pray giue me leaue, to goe my way.

C A N T. X.



WELL then I see, you haue decreed,
And this decree must light on mee:
Vnhappie Lillie loues a weed,
That giues no sent, that yeelds no glee,
Thou art the first I euer tride,
Shall I at first be thus denide?

My haplesse hap, fell much awrie,
To fix my fancies prime delight,
In haggard Hauke that mounts so hie,
That checks the lure, and Fawknars sight;
But sore you hie, or flie you low,
Stoupe needs you must, before you goe.

Your

Your modest speech is not amisse,
Your maidens blush becomes you well;
Now will I see how sweete you kisse,
And so my purpose farder tell,
Your coye lookes and trickes are vaine,
I will no nay, and that is plaine.

Thou must perforce be well content,
To let me win thee with thy will;
Thy chieft friends haue giu'n consent,
And therefore thinke, it is not ill,
Abandon all thy fond delay;
And marke this well, that I shall say.

My house, my hart, my land my life,
My credit to thy care I giue :
And if thou list to be a wife,
In shew of honest fame to liue;
I'le fit thee one, shall beare the cloke,
And be a chimnie for the smoke.

But say the word, it shall be don,
And what thou list, or what thou craue,
What so be lost, what euer won,
Shall nothing want, that thou wilt haue,
Thou shalt haue all, what wilt thou more,
Which neuer woman had before.

Here's fortie Angels to begin;
A little pledge of great goodwill,
To buy thee lace, to buy a pin;
I will be carefull of thee still:
If youth be quaild, if I be old,
I can supply that with my gold.

Willobie

Silke gownes and veluet shalt thou haue,
With hoods and cauls, fit for thy head;
Of goldsmithes worke a border braue,
A chaine of golde ten double spread;
And all the rest shall answere this,
My purse shall see that nothing misse.

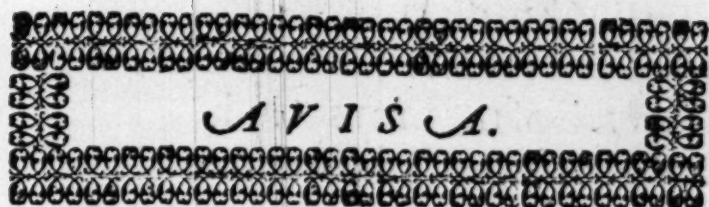
Two wayting maides, attendant still,
Two seruing men, foure geldings prest,
Go where you list, ride where you will,
No iealous thought shal me molest;
Two hundreth pounds I doe intend,
To giue thee yearly for to spend.

Of this I will assurance make,
To some good friend, whom thou wilt chuse,
That this in trust from me shall take,
While thou dost liue, vnto thy vse;
A thousand markes, to thee giue I,
And all my Iewels when I die.

This will I doe, what euer chance,
I'll shortly send, and fetch thee hence;
Thy chiefeest friends I will aduance,
And leaue them cause of no offence,
For all this fame, I onely craue
But thy good-will, that let me haue.

A modest maide is loth to say,
In open words, she doth consent,
Till gentle force doe breake the stay,
Come on mine owne, and be content,
Possesse me of my loues desire,
And let me tast that I require.

C A N T. XI.



HAnd off my Lord, this will not serue,
Your wisdom wanders much awrie,
From reasons rule thus farre to swarue,
I'le neuer yeeld, I'le rather die,
Except you leaue, and so depart,
This knife shall sticke within your hart.

Is this the loue, your frantie fit
Did so pretend in glosing shew?
Are these your waies, is this your wit,
To tice and force poore maidens so?
You striue in vaine, by raging lust,
To gaine consent, or make me trust.

For who can trust your flattering stile,
Your painted words, your braue pretence,
When you will striue, by trayned will
To force consent to lewd offence,
Then thus to yeeld by chaunted charmes,
I'le rather die within your armes.

Your golden Angels I repell,
Your lawlesse lust I here defie
These Angels are the posts of hell,
That often lead poore soules awrie,
Shame on them all, your eyes shall see,
These Angels haue no power of me.

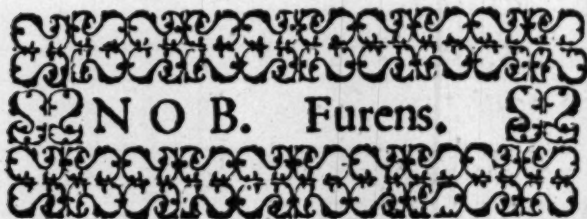
Your

Willobie

Your gownes of filke, your golden chaines,
Your men, your maides, your hundreth pounds,
Are nothing else but diuclish traines,
That fill fond eares with tickling sounds,
A bladder full of traiterous wind,
And fardest off from filthy mind.

Well, sith your meaning now is plaine,
And lust would giue no longer leaue,
To faithlesse hart, to lie and faine,
Which might perchance in time deceiue,
By Iesus Christ I doe protest,
Ile neuer graunt that you request.

C A N T. XII.



THou beggers brat, thou dunghill mate,
Thou clownish spawne, thou country gill,
My loue is turnd to wreakefull hate,
Go hang, and keepe thy credit still,
Gad where thou list, aright or wrong,
I hope to see thee begge, erre long.

Was this great offer well refus'd,
Or was this proffer all too base?
Am I fit man to be abus'd,
With such disgrace, by flattering gase?
On thee or thine, as I am man,
I will reuenge this if I can.

Thou

Thou think'st thy selfe a pearelesse peice,
And pceuiſh pride that doth poſſeſſe
Thy hart; perſwades that thou art wiſe,
When God doth know ther's nothing leſſe,
T'was not thy beautie that did moue
This fond affect, but blinded loue.

I hope to ſee ſome countrie clowne,
Poſſeſſor of that fleering face,
When need ſhall force thy pride come downe,
I'le laugh to ſee thy fooliſh caſe,
For thou that think'st thy ſelfe ſo braue,
Wilt take at laſt ſome paltrie knaue,

Thou ſelfewill gig that doſt deteſt
My faithfull loue, looke to thy fame,
If thou offend, I doe proteſt,
I'le bring thee out to open ſhame,
For ſith thou fayn'st thy ſelfe ſo pure,
Looke to thy leapes that they be ſure.

I was thy friend, but now thy foe,
Thou hadſt my hart, but now my hate,
Refuſing wealth, God ſend thee woe,
Repentance now will come too late,
That tongue that did proteſt my faith,
Shall waile thy pride, and wiſh thy death.

E

Yea

Willobie

CANT. XIII.

A V I S A.

YEa so I thought, this is the end
Of wandring lust, resembling loue,
Wa't loue or lust, that did intend
Such friendlesse force, as you did moue:
Though you may vaunt of happier fate,
I am content with my estate.

I rather chuse a quiet mind,
A conscience cleare from bloody sinnes,
Then short delights, and therein find
That gnawing worme, that neuer linnes,
Your bitter speeches please me more,
Then all your wealth, and all your store.

I loue to liue deuoid of crime,
Although I begge, although I pine,
These fading ioyes for little time,
Imbrace who list, I here refine,
How poore I goe, how meane I fare,
If God be pleas'd, I doe not care.

I rather beare your raging ire,
Although you sweare reuengment deepe,
Then yeeld for gaine to lewd desire,
That you might laugh, when I should weepe,
Your lust would like but for a space,
But who could salue my foule disgrace:

Mine

Mine eares haue heard your taunting words,
Of yeelding fooles by you betraid,
Amongst your mates at open bords,
Know'st such a wife? know'st such a maid?
Then must you laugh, then must you winke,
And leaue the rest for them to thinke.

Nay yet welfare the happie life,
That need not blush at euery view:
Although I be a poore mans wife,
Yet then I'll laugh as well as you,
Then laugh as long, as you thinke best,
My fact shall frame you no such iest.

If I doe hap to leape aside,
I must not come to you for aide,
Alas now that you be denide,
You thinke to make me sore afraide;
Nay watch your worst, I doe not care,
If I offend, pray doe not spare.

You were my friend, you were but dust,
The Lord is he, whome I doe loue,
He hath my hart, in him I trust,
And he doth gard me from aboue,
I waie not death, I feare not hell,
This is enough, and so farewell.

Willobie
THE SECOND TEMP-
tation of A V I S A, after her marri-
age by *Ruffians, Roysters, young*
Gentlemen, and lustie Cap-
taines, which all shee
quickly cuts off.

CANT. XIII.

CAVE I L E I R O.



Ome lustie wench,
I like thy lookes,
And such a pleasant
looke I loue,
Thine eyes are like
to bayted hookes,
That force the hungrie
fish to moue,
Where nature granteth
such a face,

I need not doubt to purchase grace.

I doubt not but thy inward thought,
Doth yeeld as fast as doth thine eye;
A loue in me hath fancie wrought,
Which worke you can not well denye;
From loue you can not me refraine,
I seeke but this, loue me againe.

And

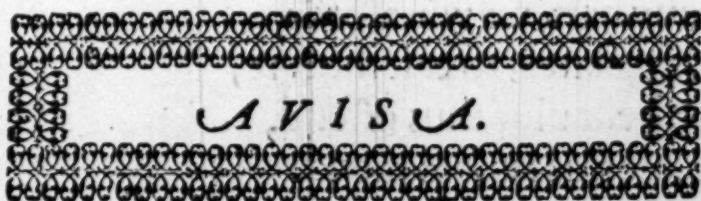
And so thou dost, I know it well,
 I knew it by thy side-cast glance,
 Can hart from outward looke rebell?
 Which yeafter night I spide by chance;
 Thy loue (sweete hart) shall not be lost,
 How deare a price so euer it cost.

Aske what thou wilt, thou know'st my mind,
 Appoint the place, and I will come,
 Appoint the time, and thou shalt find,
 Thou canst not fare so well at home,
 Few words suffice, where harts consent,
 I hope thou know'st, and art content.

Though I a stranger seeme as yet,
 And seldome seene, before this day,
 Assure thy selfe that thou mayst get,
 More knackes by me, then I will say,
 Such store of wealth as I will bring,
 Shall make thee leape, shal make thee sing,

I must be gone, vse no delay,
 At six or seuen the chance may rise,
 Old gamesters know their vantage play,
 And when t'is best to cast the dice,
 Leaue ope your poynt, take vp your man,
 And mine shall quickly enter than.

C A N T. XV,



What

Willobie

What now? what newes? new warres in hand?
More trumpets blowne of fond conceites?
More banners spread of follies band?
New Captaines coyning new deceites?
Ah woe is me, new camps are pla'ft,
Whereas I thought all daungers past.

O wretched soule, what face haue I,
That can not looke, but some misdeame?
What sprite doth lurke within mine eye,
That kendles thoughts so much vnclean?
O lucklesse fewture neuer blest,
That sow'ft the seedes of such vnrest.

What wandring fits are these that moue
Your hart, inragde with euery glance;
That iudge a woman straight in loue,
That welds her eye aside by chance,
If this your hope, by fancie wrought,
You hope on that, I neuer thought.

If nature giue me such a looke,
Which seemes at first vnchast or ill,
Yet shall it proue no bayted hooke,
To draw your lust to wanton will,
My face and will doe not agree,
Which you in time (perhaps) may see.

If smiling cheare and friendly words,
If pleasant talke such thoughts procure,
Yet know my hart, no will afords,
To scratching kites, to cast the lure,
If milde behauior thus offend,
I will assaie this fault to mend.

You

You plant your hope vpon the sand,
 That build on womens words, or smiles;
 For when you thinke your selfe to stand
 In greatest grace, they proue but wyles,
 When fixt you thinke on surest ground,
 Then fardest off they will be found.

C A N T. XVI,



YOU speake of loue, you talke of cost,
 Is't filthy loue your worship meanes?
 Assure your selfe your labor's lost;
 Bestow your cost among your queanes,
 You left not here, nor here shall find,
 Such mates as match your beastly mind.

You must againe to Coleman hedge,
 For there be some that looke for gaine,
 They will bestow the French mans badge,
 In lew of all your cost and paine,
 But Sir, it is against my vse,
 For gaine to make my house a stewes.

What haue you seene, what haue I doon,
 That you should iudge my mind so light,
 That I so quickly might be woon,
 Of one that came but yeafter night:
 Of one I wist not whence he came,
 Nor what he is, nor what's his name?

Though

Willobie

Though face doe friendly smile on all,
Yet iudge me not to be so kind,
To come at euery Faulkners call,
Or waue aloft with euery wind,
And you that venter thus to try,
Shall find how far you shoote awry.

And if your face might be your iudge,
Your wannie checkes, your shaggie lockes,
Would rather moue my mind to grudge,
To feare the piles, or else the pockes:
Yf you be mou'd, to make amends,
Pray keepe your knackes for other friends.

You may be walking when you list,
Looke ther's the doore, and ther's the way,
I hope you haue your market mist,
Your game is lost, for lacke of play,
The point is close, no chance can fall,
That enters there, or euer shall.

CANT. XVII.



Gods wo: I thinke you doe but iest,
You can not thus delude my hope:
But yet perhaps you thinke it best,
At first to giue but little scope:
At first assault you must retire,
And then be fors't to yeeld desire.

You

You thinke, that I would iudge you bad,
If you should yeeld at first assaile,
And you may thinke me worse then mad,
If on repulse send me awaie,
 You thinke you doe your credit wrong,
 Except you keepe your suitors long.

But I that know the wonted guise,
Of such as liue in such a place,
Old dame experience makes me wise,
To know your meaning by your face,
 For most of them, that seeme so chaste,
 Denie at first, and take at last.

This painted sheth, may please some foole,
That can not see the rustie knife:
But I haue bin too long at schooles,
To thinke you of so pure a life,
 The time and place will not permit,
 That you can long, here spot-lesse sit.

And therefore wench, be not so strange,
To grant me that, which others haue,
I know that women loue to change,
T'is but deceite, to seeme so graue,
 I neuer haue that woman tri'd,
 Of whome as yet I was deni'd.

Your godly zeale doth breed my trust,
Your anger makes me hope the more;
For they are often found the worst,
That of their conscience make such store,
 In vaine to blush, or looke aside,
 A flat repulse, I can not bide.

Willobie

C A N T. XVIII.

A V I S A.

THou wicked wretch, what dost not thinke
There is a God that doth behold
This sinnefull waies, this Sodoms sinke?
O wretched earth that art so bold,
To iest at God, and at his word,
Looke for his iust reuenging sword.

1. Cor. 5.

Saint Paul commands vs not to eate,
With him that leads a wicked life,
Or shall be found to lie in waite,
To seeke to spoyle his neighbours wife,
Such wicked soules God doth forsake,
And dings them downe to fierie lake.

Reucla. 12.

A young
man was stri-
ken blind for
looking dish-
onestly vpon
a godly wo-
man.

The Locren-
ses vsd to put
out both the
eyes of the a-
dulterers.

The law Iulia
in Rome put
adulterers to
the sword.

The Arabians
doe the like,

A brain-sicke youth was striken blind,
That sent his greedie eye to view,
A godly wench, with godlesse mind,
That paine might spring, whence pleasures grew,
Remember friend, forget not this,
And see you looke no more amisse.

O Iulia flower of thy time,
Where is thy law, where is thy word,
That did condemne the wedlocke crime,
To present death, with bloudy sword?
The shining of this percing edge,
Would daunt the force of filthy rage.

Though

Though shamelesse Callets may be found;
That oyle them selues in common field;
And can carire the whoores rebound,
To straine at first, and after yeeld:

Yet here are none of *Creseds* kind,
In whome you shall such fleeting find.

The time and place may not condemne,
The mind to vice that doth not sway,
But they that vertue doe condemne,
By time and place, are led astray,

This place doth hold on at this time,
That will not yeeld to bloudy crime.

You thinke that others haue posselt
The place that you so lewdly craue,
Wherein you plainly haue confest,
Your selfe to be a iealous knaue,
The rose vnblusht hath yet no staine,
Nor euer shall, while I remaine.

C A N T. XIX.



ME thinkes I heare a sober Fox,
Stand preaching to the gagling Geese;
And shewes them out a painted box,
And bids them all beware of cheefe,
Your painted box, and goodly preach,
I see doth hold a boxly reach.

Willobie

Perchance you be no common card,
But loue the daintie diamonds place,
The ten, the knaue, may be your gard,
Yet onely you, are still the ace,
Contented close in packe to lie,
But open dealing you defie.

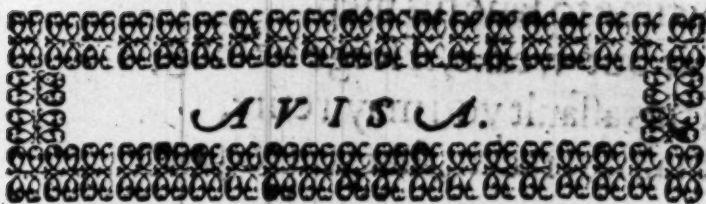
Well I confesse, I did offend,
To rush so headlong to the marke;
Yet giue me leaue this fault to mend,
And craue your pardon in the darke,
Your credits fame I will not spill,
But come as secret as you will.

Nay her's my hand, my faith I giue,
My tongue my fact shall not reueale,
To earthly creature while I liue;
Because you loue a secret deale,
And where I come, I still will say,
She would not yeeld, but said me nay.

So shall your credit greater grow,
By my report a passing praise
And they that scant your name doe know,
Your fame on hie, and hie shall raise,
So shall you gaine that you desire,
By granting that, which I require.

To plant a siege, and yet depart,
Before the towne be yeelded quite,
It kils a martiall manly hart,
That can not brooke such high despite,
Then say you yea, or say you no,
I'll scale your wals, before I go.

CANT. XX.



AVIS A.

A Fine deuice, and well contriu'd,
 Braue Golde vpon a bitter pill;
 No maruaile well though you haue thriu'd,
 That so can decke, that so can dill;
 Your quaintish quirkes can want no mate;
 But here I wis, you come too late.

It's ill to hault before the lame,
 Or watch the bird that can not sleepe,
 Your new found trickes are out of frame,
 The fox will laugh, when Asses weepe;
 Swear what you list, say what you will,
 Before you spake, I knew your skill.

Your secret dealing will not hold,
 To force metrie, or make me trust
 Your blind deuises are too old,
 Your broken blade hath got the rust,
 You need not lie, but truely say,
 She would not yeeld to wanton play.

Your tongue shall spare to spread my fame,
 I list not buy too deare a sound,
 Your greatest praise would breed but shame,
 Report of me, as you haue found,
 Though you be loth to blow retreat,
 This mount's too strong for you to get.

The

Willobie

The wisest Captaine now and then,
When that he fees his foe too strong;
Retires betime to saue his men,
That grow but weake, if seege belong;
From this assault you may retire,
You shall not reach, that you require.

I hate to feede you with delaies,
As others doe, that meane to yeeld,
You spend in vaine your strong assaies,
To win the towne, or gaine the feeld;
No Captaine did, nor euer shall,
Set ladder here, to skale the wall.

CANT XXI.



HAd I knowne this when I began,
You would haue vsde me as you say,
I would haue take you napping than,
And giue you leaue to say me nay,
I little thought to find you so:
I neuer dreamt, you would say no.

Such selfe like wench I neuer met,
Great cause haue I thus hard to craue it,
If euer man haue had it yet,

I sworn haue, that I will haue it,
If thou didst neuer giue consent,
I must perforce, be then content.

If thou wilt sweare, that thou hast knowne,
In carnall act, no other man:

But onely one, and he thine owne,

Since man and wife you first began,

I'le leaue my sute, and sweare it trew,

Thy like in deed, I neuer knew.

C A N T. XXII.

A V I S A.

I Told you first what you should find,
Although you thought I did but iest,
And selfe affection made you blind,
To seeke the thing, I most detest;
Besides his host, who takes the paine,
To reckon first, must count againe.

Your rash swore oth you must repent,
You must beware of headlong vowes;
Excepting him, whome free consent,
By wedlocke words, hath made my spouse,
From others yet I am as free,
As they this night, that boren bee.

Well

Willebie



Vell giue me then a cup of wine,
As thou art his, would thou were mine.



HAue t'ye good-lucke, tell them that gaue
You this aduice, what speede you haue.

Farewell.



The

The third trial, wherein are expressed the long
passionate, and constant affections of the close and
 wary sutor, which by signes, by sighes, by letters, by pri-
uie messengers, by Jewels, Rings, Golde, diuers gifts, and by
 a long continued course of courtesie, at length pre-
 uaileth with many both maides and wiues, if they be not
 garded wondrously with a better spirite
 then their owne, which all are here
 finely daunted, and mildly o-
 uerthrowne, by the constant
 answers, and chaste
 replies of Auifa.

C A N T. XXIII.



S flaming flakes,
 too closely pent,
 With smothering smoke,
 in narrow vault,
 Each hole doth trie,
 to get a vent,
 And force by forces,
 fierce assault,
 With ratling rage,
 doth rumbling raue,
 Till flame and smoke free passage haue.

G

So

Willobie

So I (my deare) haue smothered long,
Within my hart a sparkling flame,
Whose rebell rage is grown so strong,
That hope is past to quell the same,
Except the stone, that strake the fire,
With water quench this hote desire.

The glauncing speare, that made the wound,
Which ranckling thus, hath bred my paine,
Must pearcing slide with fresh rebound,
And wound, with wound, recure againe.
That floating eye that pearst my hart,
Must yeeld to salue my curelesse smart.

I striu'd, but striu'd against the streame,
To daunt the qualmes of fond desire,
The more their course I did restraine,
More strong and strong they did retire,
Bare need doth force me now to runne,
To seeke my helpe, where hurt begunne.

Thy present state wants present aid,
A quicke redresse my grieve requires,
Let not the meanes be long delaid,
That yeelds vs both our harts desires,
If you will ease my pensiue hart,
I'll find a salue to heale your smart.

I am no common gameling mate,
That list to bowle in euery plaine,
But (wench) consider both our state,
The time is now, for both to gaine,
From daungerous bands I set you free,
If you wil yeeld to comfort mee.

Your

C A N T. XXIII.


ANISA.

YOur fierie flame, your secret smart,
That inward frets with pining griefe,
Your hollow sighes, your heuie hart,
Me thinks might quickly find reliefe,
If once the certaine cause were knowne,
From whence these hard effects haue growne.

It little boots to shew your sore,
To her that wants all Phisicke skill,
But tell it them, that haue in store,
Such oyles as creeping cankers kill,
I would be glad, to doe my best,
If I had skill, to giue you rest.

Take heede, let not your griefe remaine,
Till helps doe faile, and hope be past,
For such as first refus'd some paine,
A double paine haue felt at last,
A little sparke, not quencht be time,
To hideous flames will quickly clime.

If godly sorrow for your sin,
Be chiefeest cause, why you lament,
If giltie conscience doe begin,
To draw you truely to repent,
A ioyfull end must needs redound,
To happie griefe so seldome found.

Willobie

To striue all wicked lusts to quell,
Which often sort to dolefull end,
I ioye to heare you meane so well,
And what you want, the Lord will send:
But if you yeeld to wanton will,
God will depart, and leaue you still.

Your pleasant aide with sweete supply,
My present state, that might amend,
If honest loue be ment thereby,
I shall be glad of such a frend,
But if you loue, as I suspect,
Your loue and you, I both reiect.

CANT. XXV.



VVhat you suspect, I can not tell,
What I doe meane, you may perceiue,
My workes shall shew, I wish you well,
If well ment loue you list receiue,
I haue beene long in secret mind,
And would be still your secret frind.

My loue should breed you no disgrace,
None should perceiue our secret plaie,
We would obserue both time and place,
That none our dealings should bewraie,
Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Loue makes me venter this assault.

You

You mistresse of my doubtfull chance,
 You Prince of this my soules desire,
 That lulls my fancie in a trance,
 The,marke whereto my hopes aspire,
 You see the fore, whence springs my griefe
 You weld the sterne of my reliefe.

The grauest men of former time,
 That liu'd with fame, and happie life,
 Haue thought it none, or pettie crime,
 To loue a friend besides their wife,
 Then sith my wife you can not be,
 As dearest friend accompt of me.

You talke of sinne, and who doth liue,
 Whose dayly steps slide not awrie?
 But too precise, doth deadly grieue,
 The hart that yeelds not yet to die,
 When age drawes on, and youth is past,
 Then let vs thinke of this at last.

The Lord did loue King *Dauid* well,
 Although he had more wiues then one:
 King *Solomon* that did excell,
 For wealth and wit, yet he alone,
 A thousand wiues and friends posselt,
 Yet did he thriue, yet was he blest.

C A N T. XXVI.



Willobie

O Mightie Lord, that guides the Spheare;
Defend me by thy mightie will,
From iust reproch, from shame and feare,
Of such as seeke my soule to spill,
Let not their counsell (Lord) preuaile,
To force my hart to yeeld or quaille.

How frames it with your sober lookes,
To shroud such bent of lewd conceites?
What hope hath pla't me in your bookes,
That files me fit, for such deceites?
I hope that time hath made you see,
No cause that breeds these thoughts in mee.

Your feruent loue is filthy lust,
And therefore leaue to talke of loue,
Your truth is treason vnder trust,
A Kite in shape of hurtlesse Doue,
You offer more then friendship wold,
To giue vs brasse in steed of gold.

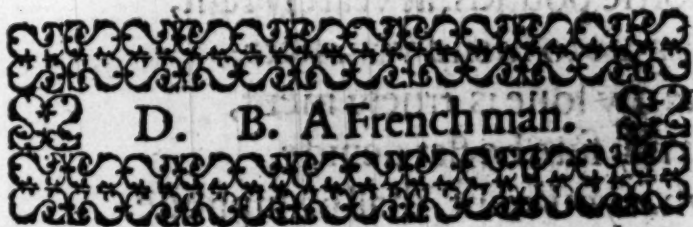
Such secret friends to open foes,
Do often change with euery wind,
Such wandring fits, where follie groes,
Are certaine signes of wauering mind,
A fawning face, and faithlesse hart,
In secret loue, breeds open smart.

No sinne to breake the wedlocke faith?
No sinne to swim in Sodomes sinke?
O sinne the seed and sting of death!
O sinnefull wretch that so doth thinke!
Your grauest men with all their schooles,
That taught you thus, were heathē fooles.

Your

Your lewd examples will not serue,
 To frame a vertue from a vice,
 When *Dauid* and his Sonne did swerue,
 From lawfull rule, though both were wise,
 Yet both were plagu'd, as you may see,
 With mightie plagues of each degree.

C A N T. XXVII.



From whence proceeds this sodaine change?
 From whence this quainte and coye speech?
 Where did you learne to looke so strange?
 What Doctor taught you thus to preach?
 Into my hart it can not sinke,
 That you doe speake, as you doe thinke.

Your smiling face, and glauncing eye,
 (That promise grace, and not despise)
 With these your words doe not agree,
 That seeme to shun your chiefe delight,
 But giue me leaue, I thinke it still,
 Your words doe wander from your will,

Of women now the greatest part,
 Whose place and age doe so require,
 Do chuse a friend, whose faithfull hart,
 May quench the flame of secret fire,
 Now if your liking be not pla'it,
 I know you will chuse one at last.

Then

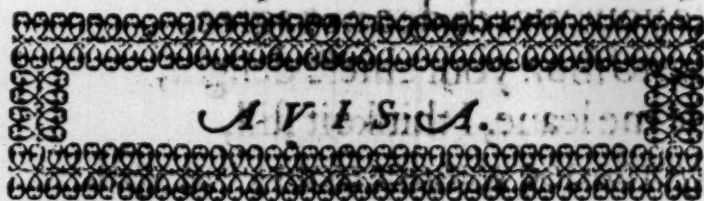
Willobie

Then chusing one, let me be he,
If so our hidden fancies frame,
Because you are the onely she,
That first inrag'd my fancies flame,
If first you graunt me this good will,
My hart is yours, and shall be still.

I haue a Farme that fell of late,
Woorth fortie pounds, at yearely rent,
That will I giue to mend your state,
And proue my loue is truely ment,
Let not my sute be flat denide,
And what you want, shall be supplide.

Our long acquaintance makes me bold;
To shew my greife, to ease my mind,
For new found friends, change not the old,
The like perhaps you shall not find,
Be not too rash, take good aduice;
Your hap is good, if you be wise.

CANT. XXVIII.



MY hap is hard, and ouerbad;
To be misdeemd of euery man;
That thinke me quickly to be had,
That see me pleasant now and than:
Yet would I not be much agreiu'd,
If you alone were thus deceiu'd.

But

But you alone are not deceiu'd,
With tising baytes of pleasant view,
But many others haue belieu'd,
And tride the same, as well as you,
But they repent their folly past,
And so will you, I hope at last.

You seeme, as though you lately came
From London, from some bawdie sell,
Where you haue met some wanton dame,
That knowes the trickes of whoores so well,
Know you some wiues, vse more then one?
Go backe to them, for here are none.

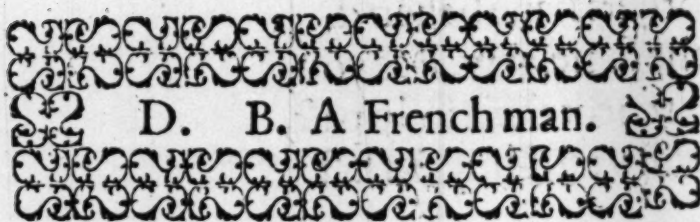
For here are none, that list to chuse,
A nouell chance, where old remaine,
My choice is past, and I refuse,
While this doth last, to chuse againe,
While one doth liue, I will no more,
Although I begge from dore to dore.

Bestow your farmes among your frinds,
Your fortie pounds can not prouoke,
The setled hart, whom vertue binds,
To trust the traines of hidden hooke,
The labor's lost that you indure,
To gorged Hauke, to cast the lure.

If lust had led me to the spoyle,
And wicked will, to wanton change,
Your betters that haue had the foyle,
Had caus'd me long ere this to range,
But they haue left, for they did see,
How far they were mistake of mee.

Willobie

C A N T. XXIX.



Mistake indeed, if this be true,
If youth can yeeld to fauours foe;
If wisdom spring, where fancie grew;
But sure I thinke it is not so:

Let faithfull meaning purchase trust,
That likes for loue, and not for lust.

Although you sweare, you will not yeeld,
Although my death you should intend,
Yet will I not forsake the field,
But still remaine your constant friend,
Say what you list, flie where you will,
I am your thrall, to saue or spill.

You may command me out of sight,
As one that shall no fauour find,
But though my body take his flight,
Yet shall my hart remaine behind,
That shall your guilty conscience tell,
You haue not vs'd his master well.

His masters loue he shall repeate,
And watch his turne to purchase grace,
His secret eye shall lie in waite;
Where any other gaine the place:
When we ech others can not see,
My hart shall make you thinke of mee.

To force a fancie, where is none,
 T'is but in vaine, it will not hold,
 But where it growes it selfe alone,
 A little fauour makes it bold,
 Till fancie frame your free consent,
 I must perforce, be needs content.

Though I depart with heauie cheare,
 As hauing lost, or left my hart,
 With one whose loue, I held too deare,
 That now can smile, when others smart,
 Yet let your prisoner mercy see,
 Least you in time a prisoner bee.

C A N T. XXX.



IT makes me smile to see the bent,
 Of wandring minds with folly fed,
 How fine they faine, how faire they paint,
 To bring a louing soule to bed;
 They will be dead, except they haue,
 What so (forsooth) their fancie craue.

If you did seeke, as you pretend,
 Not friendlesse lust, but friendly loue,
 Your tongue and speeches would not lend,
 Such lawlesse actions, so to moue,
 But you can wake, although you winke,
 And sweare the thing, you neuer thinke.

Willobie

*Catullus. Tum
am nulla viro
urantis fami-
lia credat.
Nulla viro
peret, sermo-
nes esse fideles.
Quis dum ali-
quid cupiens
animus prae-
stitit apisci, Nil
metuunt iura-
re, nihil pro-
mittere par-
ant.
Sed simul ac
cupida mentis
lasciata libido
est, Dicta nihil
metuere, nihil
verisus cu-
rant.*

To wauering men that speake so faire,
Let women neuer credit giue,
Although they weepe, although they sware,
Such fained shewes, let none belieue;
For they that thinke their words be true.
Shall soone their hastie credit rue.

When ventring lust doth make them dare,
The simple wenches to betray,
For present time they take no care,
What they doe sweare, nor what they say,
But hauing once obtaind the lot,
Their words and othes are all forgot.

Let rouing Prince from Troyes sacke,
Whose fauning fram'd Queene *Dido's* fall,
Teach women wit, that wisdom lacke,
Mistrust the most, beware of all,
When selfewill rules, where reason sate,
Fond women oft repent too late.

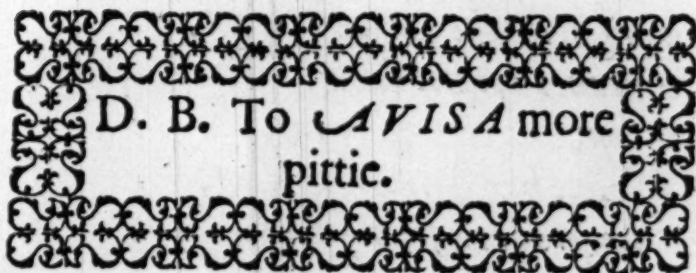
Combat be-
tweene reaso
and appetite.
No constant
loue where
vnconstant
affections
rule.
That loue on-
ly constant
that is groun-
ded on vertue

The wandring passions of the mind;
Where constant vertue bares no sway,
Such franticke fickle chaunges find,
That reason knowes not where to stay,
How boast you then of constant loue,
Where lust all vertue doth remoue?

D. B.

T. B. Being somewhat grieued
with this aunswere, after long
absence and silence, at length
writeth, as followeth.

CANT. XXXI,



Here is a cole that burnes the more,
The more ye cast colde water neare,
Like humor feedes my secret sore,
Not quencht, but fed by cold dispaire,
The more I feele, that you disdaine,
The faster doth my loue remaine.

In grace they find a burning soile,
That fumes in nature like the same,
Colde water makes the hotter broyle,
The greater frost, the greater flame,
So frames it with my loue or lost,
That fiercely fries amidst the frost.

My hart inflam'd with quenchlesse heate,
Doth fretting fume in secret fire,
These hellish torments are the meate,
That dayly feede this vaine desire,
Thus shall I grone in gastly grieve,
Till you by mercy send reliefe.

Canol cole
found in ma
ny places of
England.

*Nymphaus locus
Leonius de Va
ria Histor. fol
98.*

By the Ionian
Sea there is a
place that
burnes conti
nually, and
the more wa
ter is cast into
it, the more it
flames.

Willobie

You first inflam'd my brimstone thought,
Your faining fauour witcht mine eye,
O lucklesse eye, that thus hast brought,
Thy masters hart to striue awrye,
Now blame your selfe, if I offend,
The hurt you made, you must amend.

With these my lines I sent a Ring,
Least you might thinke you were forgot,
The posie meanes a pretie thing,
That bids you, Do but dally not,
Do so sweete hart, and doe not stay,
For daungers grow from sound delay.

Five winters Frosts haue say'd to quell
These flaming fits of firme desire,
Five Sommers sunnes can not expell
The cold dispaire, that feeds the fire,
This time I hope, my truth doth trie,
Now yeeld in time, or else I die.

Dudum beatus,
D. B.

C A N T. XXXII.

AVISA. To D. B. more
wisdome and feare of God.

There

THe Indian men haue found a plant,
 Whose vertue, mad conceits doth quell,
 This roote (me thinks) you greatly want,
 This raging madnes to repell,
 If rebell fancie worke this spite,
 Request of God a better sprite.

The roote Ba-
 aras is good
 to deliuer
 them that are
 possessed with
 euill sprites.
 Iosephus.

If you by folly did offend,
 By giuing raines vnto your lust,
 Let wisdom now these fancies end,
 Sith thus vntwin'd is all your trust,
 If wit to will, will needs resigne,
 Why should your fault be counted mine?

Your Ring and letter that you sent,
 I both retorne from whence they came,
 As one that knowes not what is ment,
 To send or write to me the same,
 You had your aunswere long before,
 So that you need to send no more.

Your chosen posie seemes to show,
 That all my deeds but dallings bee,
 I neuer dallied that I know,
 And that I thinke, you partly see,
 I shewde you first my meaning plaine,
 The same is yet, and shall remaine.

Some say that Tyme doth purge the blood,
 And franticke humors brings to frame,
 I maruaile time hath done no good,
 Your long hid griefes and qualmes to tame?
 What secret hope doth yet remaine,
 That makes these futes reuiue againe?

Time pur-
 geth chole-
 ricke humors,
 and the bloud

Willobie

But did you will, and that in hast,
Except you find some quicke reliefe,
I'll warrant you, your life at last,
While foolish loue is all your grieve,
As first I said, so say I still,
I can not yeeld, nor euer will.

Alwaies the same,
Avisa.

CANT XXXIII.

The 2. letter of D. B. to hard
harted AVISA farewell.

*Difficile est
diligere, et
Sapere. Vultu-
osus.*



Find it true, that some haue said,
It's hard to loue, and to be wise,
For wit is oft by loue betraid,
And brought a sleepe, by fond deuise,
Sith faith no fauour can procure,
My patience must, my paine indure.

*Non si famini-
um crebro ca-
put igne resu-
das, Ingenii
mutes prima
metalla sus.*

When womens wits haue drawne the plot,
And of their fancie laid the frame,
Then that they holde, where good or not,
No force can moue them from the same:
So you, because you first denide,
Do thinke it shame, for that to slide.

As

As faithfull friendship mou'd my tongue,
 Your secret loue, and fauour craue;
 And as I neuer did you wrong,
 This last request so let me haue;
 Let no man know what I did moue,
 Let no man know, that I did loue;

That I will say, this is the worst,
 When this is said, then all is past,
 Thou proud Auifa, were the first,
 Thou hard Auifa, art the last,
 Though thou in sorrow make me dwell,
 Yet loue will make me wish thee well.

Write not againe, except you write,
 This onely gentle word, I will,
 This onely word will bring delite,
 The rest will breede but sorrow still,
 God graunt you gaine that you desire,
 By keeping that, which I require.

Yet will I listen now and then,
 To see the end, my mind will craue,
 Where you will yeeld to other men,
 The thing that I could neuer haue.
 But what to me? where false or true,
 Where liue or die, for aye Aduce.

Fortuna ferenda.

D. B.

Willobie

DYDIMVS HARCO.
A N G L O - G E R -
M A N V S.

C A N T. XXXIII.



Haue to say, yet can not speake,
The thing that I would gladly say,
My hart is strong, though tong be weake,
Yet will I speake it, as I may.

And if I speake not as I ought,
Blame but the error of my thought,

And if I thinke not as I should,
Blame loue that bad me so to thinke;
And if I say not what I would,
T'is modest shame, that makes me shrinke,
For sure their loue is very small,
That can at first expresse it all.

Forgiue my blush, if I doe blush,
You are the first I euer tride,
And last whose conscience I will crush,
If now at first I be denide,
I must be plaine then giue me leaue,
I can not flatter nor deceiue.

You

You know that Marchaunts ride for gaine,
 As chiefe foundations of their state,
 You see that we refuse no paine,
 To rise betime, and trauell late,
 But farre from home, this is the spite,
 We want sometimes our chiefe delite.

I am no Saint, I must confesse,
 But naturde like to other men,
 My meaning you may quickly guesse,
 I loue a woman now and then,
 And yet it is my common vse,
 To take aduise, before I chuse. •

I oft haue seene the Western part,
 And therein many a pretie elfe,
 But found not any in my hart,
 I like so well as of your selfe;
 And if you like no worse of mee,
 We may perhaps in time agree.

C A N T X X X V .



W H E N first you did request to talke
 With me alone a little space,
 When first I did consent to walke
 With you alone within this place,
 From this your sage, and sober cheare,
 I thought some graue aduise to heare.

Willobie

Some say that womens faces faine
A modest shew, from wanton hart;
But giue me leaue, I see it plaine,
That men can play a duble part,
I could not dreame, that I should find
In lustlesse shew, such lustfull mind.

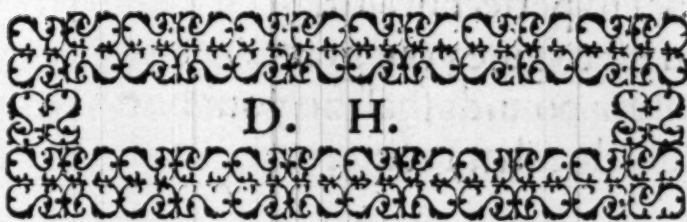
You make as though you would not speake,
As vnacquainted yet with loue,
As though your mind you could not breake,
Nor how these secret matters moue,
You blush to speake, Alas the blush,
Yet this is all not worth a rush.

Such flie conceites are out of ioynt,
So foule within, so faire without,
Not worth in prooffe a threden poynt:
But now to put you out of doubt,
Your thought is far deceiu'd of mee,
As you in time shall plainly see.

If you had knowne my former life,
With spotlesse fame that I haue held,
How first a maide, and then a wife,
These youthly suites I haue repeld,
You would (I hope) correct your rate,
That iudge me thus a common mate.

Whome you haue seene, I doe not care,
Nor reck not what you did request,
I am content this flout to beare,
In that you say, you like me best,
And if you wish that you agree,
Correct your wrong conceite of mee.

C A N T. XXXVI.



THe lymed bird, by foulers traine,
 Intrap by view of pleasant baite,
 Would faine vnwind himselfe againe;
 But fees too late the hid defaite:
 So I haue found the clasping lyme,
 That will sticke fast for longer tyme.

There is a floud, whose riuers runne,
 Like streames of Milke, and seemes at first,
 Extreame colde, all heate to shunne,
 But stay a while, and quench your thirst,
 Such vehement heate there will arise,
 As greater heate none may deuise.

These strange effects I find inrold,
 Within this place, since my returne,
 My first affections were but cold,
 But now I feele them fiercely burne,
 The more you make such strange retire,
 The more you draw my new desire.

You thinke perchance I doe but iest;
 Or I your secrets will bewray,
 Or hauing got that I request,
 With false *Aeneas* steale away,
 If you suspect that I will range,
 Let God forsake me, when I change.

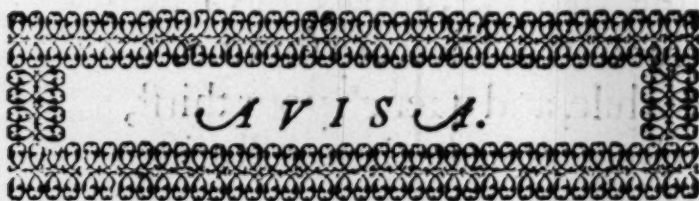
In Italy
 is a certaine
 water that
 falleth into
 the Riuer A-
 nion, of co-
 lour white,
 and at first
 seemes to bee
 wonderfull
 colde, but be-
 ing a while in
 it, it heateth
 the body
 more ex-
 tremely.
*Leonius de Ga-
 rra Histor.*

Willobie

I will not boast me of my wealth,
You shall no Gold nor Jewels want,
You see I am in perfect health,
And if you list to giue your grant,
A hundreth pounds shall be your hire,
But onely doe that I require.

And here's a Bracelet to begin,
Worth twentie Angels to be sold,
Besides the rest, this shall you win,
And other things not to be told,
And I will come but now and then,
To void suspect, none shall know when.

C A N T- XXXVII.



WHy then your conscience doth declare
A guilty mind that shunnes the light,
A spotlesse conscience need not feare,
The tongues of men, nor yet the sight,
Your secret slides doe passe my skill,
And plainly shewe your workes are ill.

Your words command the lawlesse rite,
Of *Platoes* lawes that freedome gaue,
That men and women for delight,
Might both in common freely haue,
Yet God doth threaten cruell death,
To them that breake their wedlocke faith.

The

In Plato his
common
wealth all
women were
common, con-
trary to the
commande-
ment of God.
Exod. 20. 14.
Leuit 18. 20.
29.

The Bee beares honie in her mouth,
Yet poysoned sting in hinder part,
The spring is sweete where pleasure growth,
The fall of leafe brings storming smart,
Vaine pleasure seemes most sweete at first,
And yet their end is still accurst.

What bosome beares hote burning coles,
And yet consuines not with the same?
What feete tread fire with bared soles,
And are not synged with the flame?
Then stay my friend, make no such hast,
To buy *Repentaunce* at the last.

I am not of the Cyprian sort,
Nor yet haue learnd the common vse
Of Bable dames, in filthy sport,
For gaine no commers to refuse,
What stormes or troubles euer grow,
I list not seeke my liuing so.

Your gorgious gifts, your golden hookes,
Doe moue but fooles to looke aside,
The wise will shunne such craftie crookes,
That haue such false resemblance tride:
But men are sure, that they will list,
That are content to take a gift.

*tur avara. Imitantur hamos Dona. Fæmipa profituit seseque Munera donat. Femina
se vendit qua data dona capit, Vultreius.*

Strange pleasure seems
Sweete at the
beginning,
but their end
is as bitter
wormewood
Prouer. 5.3.4
Prouer. 6.27.
*Non tanti
emampanisc-
re,*
Filthy hea-
then lawes.
In Cyprus,
their may-
dens before
the time of
their mariage
were set open
to euery man
to gaine their
dowrie. Iustice.
The Babilo-
nians had a
custome, that
if any were
poore, they
should pro-
cure their
daughters
and wiues to
get mony
with their bo-
dies. Herodot.
*Formosa, pre-
tio capsum-*



N Ay then farewell, if this be so,
If you be of the purer stampe,
Gainst wind and tide I can not roe,
I haue no oyle to feede that lampe,
Be not too rash, denie not flat,
For you refuse, you know not what.

But rather take a farther day,
For farther triall of my faith,
And rather make some wise delay,
To see and take some farther breath:
He may too rashly be denide,
Whose faithfull hart was neuer tride.

And though I be by Iury cast,
Yet let me liue a while in hope,
And though I be condemnde at last,
Yet let my fancie haue some scope,
And though the body flie away,
Yet let me with the shadow play.

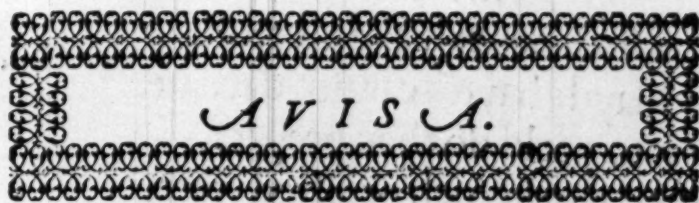
Will you receiue, if I doe send
A token of my secret loue?
And stay vntill you see the end
Of these effects, that fancie moue?
Grant this, and this shall salue my sore,
Although you neuer grant me more.

And

And thus at first let this suffice,
 Inquire of me, and take the vewe
 Of myne estate, with good aduise,
 And I will do the like by you;
 And as you like, so frame your loue,
 But passe no promise till you proue.

This haue I said to shew my bent,
 But no way spoken to offend,
 And though my loue cannot relent,
 Yet passed errors will I mend,
 Keepe close the Tenor of our talke,
 And say, we did for pleasure walke.

CANT XXXIX.



T Hen iugling mates do most deceaue,
 And most delude the dazeled sight,
 When vp they turne their folded sleeue,
 With bared armes to woorke their slight,
 When sharpe-set Foxe begins to preach,
 Let goslings keepe without his reach.

And will you haue me set a day,
 To feede your hope with vaine delayes?
 Well, I will doo as you do say,
 And posse you vp with fainting staves,
 That day shall breake my plighted faith,
 That drawes my last and gasping breath.

Willobie

If you will hope, then hope in this,
He neuer grant that you require:
If this you hope, you shall not misse,
But shall obtaine your hopes desire,
If other hope you do retaine,
Your labor's lost, your hope is vaine.

The child that playes with sharpned tooles,
Doth hurt himselfe for want of wit,
And they may well be counted fooles,
That wrastle neere a dangerous pit:
Your loose desire doth hope for that,
Which I must needes deny you flat.

Send mee no tokens of your lust,
Such giftes I list not to receiue,
Such guiles shall neuer make me trust,
Such broad-layde baytes cannot deceiue,
For they to yeeld do then prepare,
That grant to take such proffred ware.

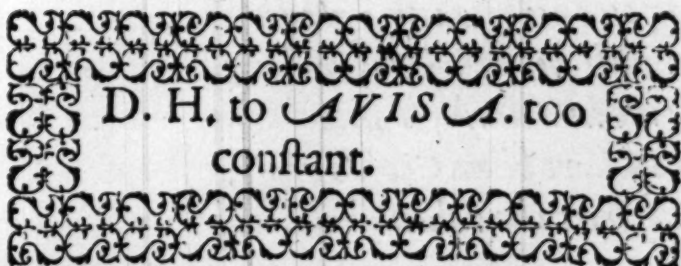
If this be it you haue to say,
You know my mynd which cannot change,
I must be gon, I cannot stay,
No fond delight can make me range,
And for a farewell, this I sweare,
You get not that I hold so deare.

After

The woman
that receiueth
giftes of such
adulators, selleth
her selfe & her
liberty.

After long absence, D H. happening to come
in on a tyme sodenly to her house, and finding her
all alone amongst her maides that were spinning, sayd
nothing, but going home wrate these verses following,
which he called his Dum habui. and sent
them vnto her.

CANT. XL.



Hylst erst I had my libertie,
To range the woodes where fancy list,
The cause of all my miserie,
By heedlesse hast my way I mist,
Vntill I found within a plaine,
A Christall Well, where Nymphes remaine.

As weary of this wild-goose race,
That led a skance, I know not where,
I chose at length a shadow place.
To take the cold and pleasant ayre,
But from the brinke of that same well,
I saw my heauen, or els my hell.

I saw a byrde from ioyning groue,
That soaring came with comely grace,
The Lillie and Vermillion stroue,
In mayden-like and louely face,
With seemely armes in steed of winges,
No clawes, but fingers set with ringes.

Willobie

And in her hand she held a dart,
As being of Diana's trayne,
O that's the cause of all my smart,
And breeder of this endlesse paine,
The thing I sought not, there I find,
And lost the freedome of my mind.

While on her eies, my eies did hang,
From rolling eie there sprang a glance,
And therewith heard a sodayne clang,
That strake me in a deadly trance.
But wak't I sawe blind Cupids craft,
And in my hart the golden shaft.

I sewd for grace, but she deny'd.
Her laughty lookes she cast awry,
And when my folly she espy'd,
She laught to see my misery:
Away she soares, and from my sight
She smiling takes her parting flight.

You are the byrde that bred the bane,
That swelleth thus in restlesse thought,
You are the snare that thus haue tane,
And sences all to thraldome brought,
You are the Iaylor that do keepe
Your frend in bandes, and dungeon deepe.

Renowmed chaste Penelope,
With all her wordes could not redryue
Her sutors, till she set a day,
In which she would them answere giue,
When threedy spindle full was grow'n,
Then would she chuse one for her ow'n.

*They dayly came to see the end,
And euery man doth hope to bee
The chosen man, to be her friend,
But womens wyles here men may see,
Her Spill was neuer fully spone,
For night undid that day had done.*

*I hope the like you haue decreed,
That found you spinning but of late,
Would God your Spill were full of threed,
That might releue my wretched state,
I will forget the wronges are past,
So you will chuse me at the last.*

*Chuse one at length, I know you will,
Let tryed faith for ten yeares space,
How euer that your spindle fill,
With ioy possesse that emptie place,
And if you will, I do protest,
My loue shall far surmount the rest.*

*These lines that hope for better speed,
As louing spyes are sent to see,
Where you haue sponne vp all your threed,
And what good hap is left for mee :
Let there returne, yet make him glad,
Whome loues dispayre hath made so sad.*

D.H.

Villobie

CANT. XLI.

*Auisa her answer to D. H.
a finall resolution.*



*I be of Diana's trayne,
As trewe it is I must confesse,
I meruaile that you strue in wayne,
Where frutelesse hope yeelds no redresse:
For they must needes continue sad
That seeke for that, will not be had.*

*What seruile follie doth possesse
Your base conceite, that can abyde
Such piteous plaintes, and sutes addresse,
To them that do your sutes deryde?
For I can hardly thinkethem wyse,
That try againe, repulsd thryse.*

*No Hellens rape, nor Troian warre,
My louing mate bath fors't away,
No Iunoes wrath, to wander farre,
From louing bed can make him stray,
Nor stay at all in forraine land,
But here I haue him still at hand.*

*My sweet Vlisses neuer stayes
From his desyred home so long,
That I should need such rare delays
To Shield me from intended wrong,
My chiefe delightes are alwayes nye,
And in my bosome sweetely lye.*

*The Spindle that you see me driue,
Hath fylld the spill so often trend,
My hartis fixt, since I did giue
My wedlocke faith to chosen frend,
Then leaue to sewe, since that you see
Your hap debarres your hope from mee.*

*I vse not oft to make reply
To lines that yeelde such wanton store,
Let this suffice, that I deny,
And after this, looke for no more,
My choise is bound, by lawfull band,
My oath is past, and that shall stand.*

*Alway the same
Auifa.*

This

Willobie

CANT. XLII.

D. H. to chaste *Auisa* perpetuall constancy.



*His is inough: now I haue done,
I thinke indeed you do not faine,
As others haue, that haue beene wonne
In shorter space, with lesser paine,
And sith you will not yeeld in deed
To these my wordes, yet take good heed.*

*My former loue was onely lust,
As you in deed did truly say,
And they, such loue that rashly trust,
Do plant the plot of swift decay:
But they whom Grace doth make so wise,
To high renowne, will surely ryse.*

*O Violata, Gale,
Gale o violata,
placebas,
Inviolata non
ees nunc
Violata mihi,
Vulceius.*

*If you had had a waxye hart,
That would haue melt at hot desyre,
Or chaffye thoughtes that could haue start,
And yeeld to burne at euery fyre,
What ere I did, or sayd before,
I should haue thought you but a whore.*

*Sic Virgo dum
intacta manet,
tu chara suis,
sed cum ami-
sit polluto cor-
pore florem.
Nec pueris in-
cunda manet,
nec chara pu-
ellis.
Catullus.*

*Though saylers loue the common Port,
As safest harbour where to rest,
Yet wise men seeke the strongest fort,
And paper castells most detest:
Men cannot loue such as they know,
Will yeeld at sight of euery blow.*

But now my loue by vertue bound,
No stormie blastes can make it quaille,
Your constant mind a frend hath found,
Whose honest loue shall neuer faile,
A faithfull frend in honest loue,
Whom lewd affections shall not moue.

If you this wanton fault forgiue,
No time in me shall euer find
Such lewd attemptes, while I do liue,
Now that I know your constant mynd,
My pen doth write, my hart hath swore,
My tounge such speech shall vse no more.

A thousand tymes I loue no more,
Then if I had my purpose wonne,
Of common loue I make no store,
But leaue it there where I begunne,
What oddes there is, now you may proue,
Twixt wicked lust and honest loue.

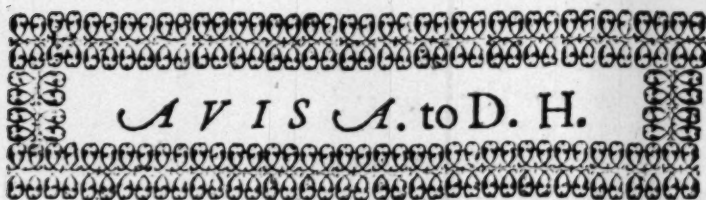
Now grant I pray this last request,
That fraudlesse hart doth frendly send,
That if my fayth deserue it best,
Accept me for your honest frend:
And if I seeke your spoile, or shame,
Then raze me out, and blot my name.

And if I shall this fauour find,
Then weare this ring, though you be loth,
As token of my simple mynd,
And perfect band of faithfull oath:
The posye is, No frend to faith
That will remaine, till both our death.

Willobie

*Esteeme not this a painted bait,
Or golden ball cast to deceaue :
If I do meane such lewd desait,
Let God my soule in tormentes leaue :
I say no more, but thus I end,
In honest loue your faithful frend.*

D. H.



CANT, XLIII.

You know that I haue laid my rest,
From which my mind shall neuer swerue,
If all be true that you protest,
Then shall you find, as you deserue:
All hidden truth tyme will bewraie,
This is as much as I can saie.

Alway the same
Auisa.

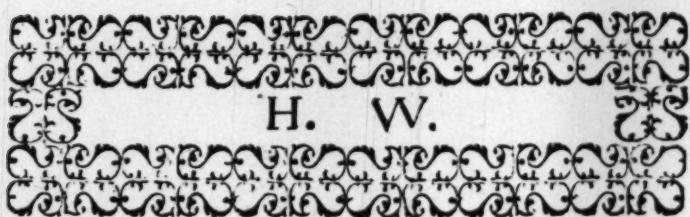
CANT. XLIIII.

Henrico Willobego. Italo-Hispalensis.

H. W. being sodenly infected with the contagion of a fantastick fit, at the first sight of A, pyneth a while in secret grieve, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heate of so feruent a humour, bewrayeth the secrefye of his disease vnto his familiar frend W. S. who not long before had tryed the cur-
tesy

tesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection; yet finding his friend let blood in the same vaine, he took pleasure for a tyme to see him bleed, & in steed of stopping the issue, he enlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perswading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, & no doubt with payne, diligence & some cost in time to be obtayned. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibilitie, eyther for that he now would secretly laugh at his friends folly, that had giuen occasion not long before vnto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether an other could play his part better then himselfe, & in vewing a far off the course of this louing Comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the old player. But at length this Comedy was like to haue growen to a Tragedy, by the weake & feeble estate that H. W. was brought vnto, by a desperate vewe of an impossibility of obtaining his purpose, til Time & Necessity, being his best Phisitions brought him a plaster, if not to heale, yet in part to ease his maladye. In all which discourse is liuely represented the vnrewly rage of vnbredled fancy, hauing the raines to roue at liberty, with the dyuers & sundry changes of affections & temptations, which Will, set loose from Reason, can deuise. &c.

Willobie



Hat sodaine chance or change is this,
That doth bereaue my quyet rest?
What furly cloud eclipsf my blisse,
What iprite doth rage within my brest?
Such fainty qualmes I neuer found,
Till first I saw this westerne ground.

Can change of ayre complexions change,
And strike the fences out of frame?
Though this be true, yet this is strange,
Sith I so lately hither came :
And yet in body cannot find
So great a change as in my mynd.

My lustlesse limmes do pyne away,
Because my hart is dead within,
All liuely heat I feele decay,
And deadly cold his roome doth win,
My humors all are out of frame,
I frize amid'st the burning flame.

I haue the feauer Ethicke right,
I burne within, consume without,
And hauing melted all my might,
Then followes death, without all doubt :
O fearefull foole, that know my greefe,
Yet sew and seeke for no releefe.

I know

I know the tyme, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did vew
That nouell shape, that frendly face,
That so doth make my hart to rew,
O happy tyme if she inclyne,
If not, O wourth theese lucklesse eyne.

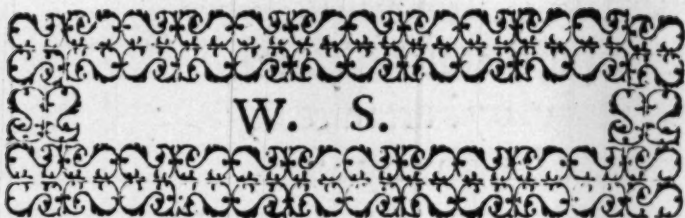
I loue the seat where she did sit,
I kisse the grasse, where she did tread,
Me thinkes I see that face as yet,
And eye, that all these turmoyles breed,
I enuie that this seat, this ground,
Such frendly grace and fauour found.

I dream't of late, God grant that dreame
Protend my good, that she did meete
Me in this greene by yonder streame,
And smyling did me frendly greete:
Where wandring dreames be iust or
I mind to try ere it be long. (wrong,

But yonder comes my faythfull frend,
That like assaultes hath often tryde,
On his aduise I will depend,
Where I shall winne, or be denyde,
And looke what counsell he shall giue,
That will I do, where dye or liue.

Willobie

CANT. XLV.



VV Ell met, frend Harry, what's the cause
You looke so pale with Lented
Your wanny face & sharpened nose (cheeks?
Shew plaine, your mind some thing mislikes,
If you will tell me what it is,
Ile helpe to mend what is amisse.

What is she, man, that workes thy woe,
And thus thy tickling fancy moue?
Thy drouisie eyes, & sighes do shoe,
This new disease proceedes of loue,
Tell what she is that witch't thee so,
I sweare it shall no farder go.

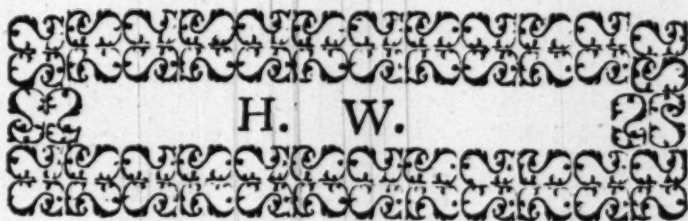
A heauy burden wearieth one,
Which being parted then in twaine,
Seemes very light, or rather none,
And boren well with little paine :
The smothered flame, too closely pent,
Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

So sorrowes shrynde in secret brest,
Attainte the hart with hotter rage,
Then griefes that are to frendes exprest,
Whose comfort may some part asswage :
If I a frend, whose faith is tryde,
Let this request not be denyde.

Excessiue

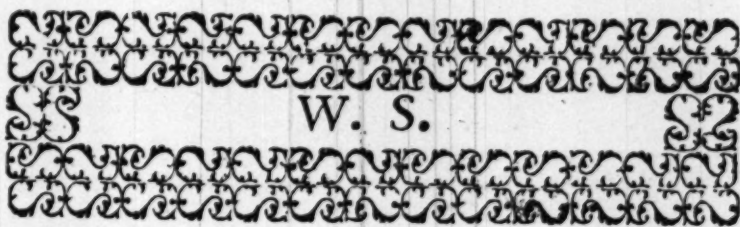
Exceſſiue griefes good counſells want,
 And cloud the ſence from ſharpe conceits;
 No reaſon rules, where ſorrowes plant,
 And folly feedes, where fury frets,
 Tell what ſhe is, and you ſhall ſee,
 What hope and help ſhall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.



S Eeſt yonder howſe, where hanges the badge
 Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry
 Victorious land, to conquering rage,
 Loe, there my hopeleſſe helpe doth ly :
 And there that frendly foe doth dwell,
 That makes my hart thus rage and ſwell,

CANT. XLVII.



VV Ell, ſay no more: I know thy griefe,
 And face from whence theſe flames
 It is not hard to fynd reliefe, (a ryſe,
 If thou wilt follow good aduylſe :
 She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,
 I thinke in tyme ſhe may be wonne.

At firſt

Willobie

rs Venerato- At first repulse you must not faint,
Nor flye the field though she deny
You twise or thrise, yet manly bent,
Againe you must, and still reply :
When tyme permits you not to talke,
Then let your pen and fingers walke.

*lunera (cre-
mibi) pla-
nt homi-
sq; Deo* Apply her still with dyuers thinges,
(For giftes the wyfest will deceaue)
Sometymes with gold, sometymes with
No tyme nor fit occasion leaue, (ringes,
Though coy at first she seeme and wielde,
These toyes in tyme will make her yelde.

Looke what she likes; that you must loue,
And what she hates, you must detest,
Where good or bad, you must approue,
The wordes and workes that please her best:
If she be godly, you must sweare,
That to offend you stand in feare.

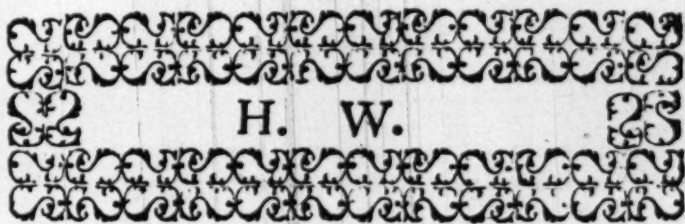
*Vicked wiles
p deceaue
titles wo-
nen,* You must commend her louing face,
For women ioy in beauties praise,
You must admire her sober grace,
Her wisdom and her vertuous wayes,
Say, 'twas her wit & modest shoe,
That made you like and loue her so.

You must be secret, constant, free,
Your silent sighes & trickling teares,
Let her in secret often see,
Then wring her hand, as one that feares
To speake, then wish she were your wife,
And last desire her saue your life.

When

When she doth laugh, you must be glad,
 And watch occasions, tyme and place,
 When she doth frowne, you must be sad,
 Let sighes & sobbes request her grace:
 Swear that your loue is trulymment,
 So she in tyme must needes relent.

CANT. XLVIII.



THe whole to sicke good counsell giue,
 Which they themselues cannot performe,
 Your wordes do promise sweet reliefe,
 To saue my ship from drowning storme:
 But hope is past, and health is spent,
 For why my mynd is *Mal-content*.

The flowring hearbes, the pleasant spring,
 That deckes the fieldes with vernant hew,
 The harmelesse birdes, that sweetly sing,
 My hidden griefes, do still renew:
 The ioyes that others long to see,
 Is it that most tormenteth mee.

I greatly doubt, though March be past,
 Where I shall see that wished May,
 That can recure that balefull blast,
 Whose cold dispaire wrought my decay:
 My hopelesse cloudes, that neuer cleere,
 Prefage great sorrowes very neere.

M

To dispaire
 of good
 successe in
 the begin-
 ning of a-
 ny action,
 is alwayes
 a secret &
 most cer-
 taine fore-
 warning of
 ill successe,
 that indeed
 doth often
 follow.

I,

Villobie



I mirth did once, and musicke loue,
Which both as now, I greatly hate:
What vncouth sprite my hart doth moue,
To loath the thing, I lou'd so late?
My greatest ease in deepest mone,
Is when I walke my selfe alone.

Where thinking on my hopelesse hap,
My trickling teares, like riuers flow,
Yet fancy lulles me in her lap,
And telles me, lyfe from death shall grow:
Thus flattering hope makes me belieue;
My grieve in tyme shall feeble relieue.

*Audaces for-
tuna iuuat,
timidosq; re-
pellit.*

Good fortune helpes the venturing wight,
That hard attempts dare vndertake:
But they that shun the doubtful fight,
As coward drudges, doth forsake:
Come what there will, I meane to try,
Wher winne, or lose, I can but dye.

C A N T. XLIX.


H. W. the first assault.


P Ardon (sweet wench) my fancies fault,
If I offend to shew my smart,
Your face hath made such fierce assault,
And battred so my fencelesse hart:
That of my foe, my lyfe to saue,
For grace I am constraind to craue.

The raging Lyon neuer rendes
The yeelding pray, that prostrate lyes,
No valiant captayne euer bendes
His force against surrendering cryes:
Here I surrender roome and right,
And yeeld the fort at captaines sight.

You are the chieftaine, that haue layd
This heauie siege to strengthlesse fort,
And fancy that my will betrayd,
Hath lent dispaire his strongest port:
Your glauncing eyes as Cannon shot,
Haue pearst my hart, and freedome got.

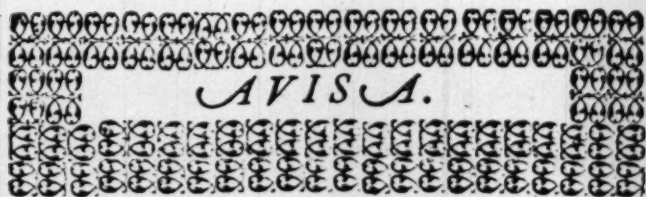
When first I saw that frendly face,
Though neuer scene before that day,
That wit, that talke, that sober grace,
In secret hart thus did I say:
God prosper this, for this is she,
That ioy or woe must bring to me.

A thousand fewtures I haue scene,
For Trauelers change, & choyse shall see,
In Fraunce, in Flaunders, & in Spaine,
Yet none, nor none could conquere mee:
Till now I sawe this face of thyne,
That makes my wittes are none of myne.

I often said, yet there is one,
But where, or what I could not tell,
Whose sight my sence would ouercome,
I feard it still, I knew it well,
And now I know you are the She,
That was ordaind to vanquish me.

Willobie

CANT. L.



W Hat song is this that you do sing,
What tale is this that you do tell,
What newes is this that you do bring,
Or what you meane I know not well?
If you will speake, pray speake it playne,
Lest els perhaps you lose your payne.

My mynd surpris'd with household cares,
Tendes not darke riddles to vntwyne.
My state surcharg'd with great affares,
To Idle talke can lend no tyme;
For if your speeches tend to loue,
Your tonge in vaine such futes will moue.

In greenest grasse the winding snake,
With poysoned sting is soonest found,
A cowardes tongue makes greatest cracke,
The emptiest caske yeeldes greatest sound,
To hidden hurt, the bird to bring,
The fouler doth most sweetly sing.

Idlenesse
the mother
of all foo-
lish wan-
nesse..

Dauid be-
ing idle fell
to strange
lust,

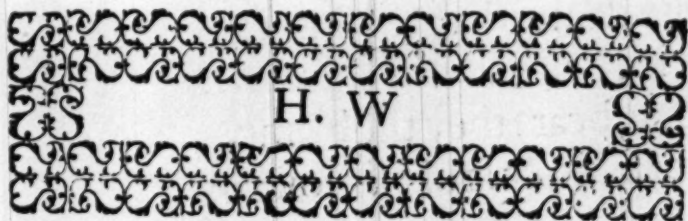
*Quaritur
Egistus,
quare sit
factus A-
dalter.*

If wandering rages haue posselt
Your rouing mynd at randame bent;
If idle qualmes from too much rest,
Fond fancyes to your lust haue sent:
Cut off the cause that breedes your smart,
Then will your sicknesse soone depart.

The restles mynd that reason wantes,
Is like the ship that lackes a sterne,
The hart beset with follyes plantes,
At wisedomes lore repynes to learne:
Some seeke and fynd what fancy list,
But after wish that they had mist.

Who loues to tread vnknownen pathes,
Doth often wander from his way,
Who longes to laue in brauest bathes,
Doth wash by night, and wast by day:
Take heed betyme, beware the pryse
Of wicked lust, if you be wyse.

CANT. LI.



VNwonted lyking breedes my loue,
And loue the welspring of my grieve,
This fancy fixt none can remoue,
None send redresse, none giue reliefe,
But onely you, whose onely sight
Hath fors't me to this pyning plight.

Loue oft doth spring from due desert,
As louing cause of true effect,
But myne proceeds from wounded hart,
As scholler to a nouel sect:
I bare that lyking, few haue bore,
I loue, that neuer lou'd before.

*In promptu
causa est:
Desideriosus
erat.*

Noblemen
gentlemen,
and Cap-
taines by
idlenesse
fall to all
kynd of vi-
ces.

Willobie

I loue, though doubtfull of successe,
As blind men grope to try the way;
Yet still I loue because I gesse,
You loue, for loue cannot deny,
Except you spring of sauadge kynd,
Whome no desertes, nor loue can bynd.

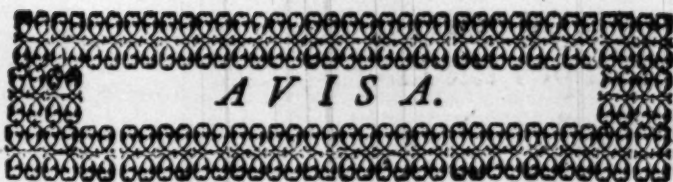
Of all the graces that excell,
And vertues that are cheefly best,
A constant loue doth beare the bell,
And makes his owner euer blest:
How blame you then the faithfull loue,
That hath his praise from God aboue.

Can you withstand what fates ordayne?
Can you reprove dame Natures frame?
Where natures ioyne, shall will disclaime?
Acquite my loue, beare they the blame,
That snuffe at faith, & looke so coy,
And count true loue but for a toy.

If fortune say it shal be so,
Then though you lyke, yet shall you yeeld,
Say what you list, you cannot go
Vnconquerd thus from Cupids field,
That loue that none could euer haue,
I giue to you, and yours I craue,

CANT.

CANT. LII



A V I S A.

Well, you are bent I see, to try
The vtmost list of follies race,
Your fancy hath no power to fly
The luring baite of flattering grace,
The fish that leapes & neuer looks,
Fyndes death vnwares in secret hookes.

You say you loue, yet shew no cause,
Of this your loue, or rather lust,
Or whence this new affection groes
Which though vntryde, yet we must trust,
Dry reeds that quickly yeeld to burne,
Soone out to flamelesse cinders turne.

Such raging loue in rangling mates,
Is quickly found, and sooner lost;
Such deepe deceate in all estates,
That spares no care, no payne nor cost:
VVith flattering tongues, & golden giftes,
To dryue poore women to their shifts.

Examine well, & you shall see
Your truthlesse treason tearmed loue,
VVhat cause haue you to fancy mee,
That neuer yet had tyme to proue,
What I haue beene, nor what I am,
Where worthie loue, or rather shame?

This

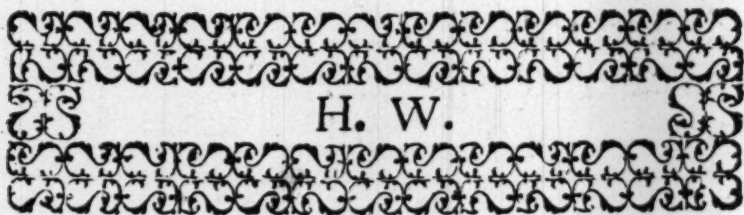
Willobie

This loue that you to straungers bare,
Is like to headstrong horse and mule,
That ful-fed nyes on euery mare,
Whose lust outleapes the lawfull rule,
For here is seene your constant loue,
VVhome strange aspects so quickly moue.

Besides you know I am a wife,
Not free, but bound by plighted oath,
Can loue remaine, where filthy life
Hath staine the soile, where vertue growth?
Can loue indure, where faith is fled?
Can Roses spring, whose roote is dead?

True loue is constant in her choise,
But if I yeeld to chuse againe,
Then may you say with open voice,
This is her vse, this is her vaine,
She yeeldsto all, how can you than
Loue her that yeeldes to euery man?

CANT. LIII..



IF feare and sorrow sharpe the wit,
And tip the tongue with sweeter grace,
Then will & style, must finely fit,
To paint my griefe, and waile my case:
Sith my true loue is counted lust,
And hope is rackt in spitefull dust.

The cause that made me loue so soone,
And feedes my mind with inward smart,
Springs not from Starres, nor yet the Moone,
But closly lies in secret hart :

And if you aske, I can not tell,
Nor why, nor how, this hap befell.

If birth or beautie could haue wrought,
In lustlesse hart this loues effect,
Some fairer farre my loue haue sought,
Whose louing lookes I did reiect.

If now I yeeld without assault,
Count this my fortune or my fault.

You are a wife, and you haue swore,
You will be true. Yet what of this?
Did neuer wife play false before,
Nor for her pleasure strike amis?

Will you alone be constant still,
When none are chaste, nor euer will?

A man or woman first may chuse
The loue that they may after loth;
Wo can denie but such may vse
A second choice, to pleasure both:
No fault to change the old for new;
So to the second they be trew.

Your husband is a worthlesse thing,
That no way can content your mind,
That no way can that pleasure bring,
Your flowring yeares desire to find:

This I will count my chieftest blisse,
If I obtaine, that others misse.

VVillobie

Ther's nothing gotten to be coye,
The purer stampe you must detest,
Now is your time of greatest ioye,
Then loue the friend that loues you best,
This I will count my chiefeft blisse,
If I obtaine that others misse.

C A N T. LIII.

A V I S A.

That others misse, you would obtaine,
And want of this doth make you sad,
I sorrow that you take such paine,
To seeke for that, will not be had,
Your filed skill the power doth want,
VVithin this plot such trees to plant.

Though some there be, that haue done ill,
And for their fancie broke their faith:
Yet doe not thinke that others will,
That feare of shame more then of death:
A spotlesse name is more to me,
Then wealth, then friends, then life can be.

Are all vnconstant, all vnfound:
VVill none performe their sworn vow?
Yet shall you say, that you haue found,
A chaste, and constant wife I trow:
And you shall see, when all is doone,
VVhere all will yeeld, and all be woone.

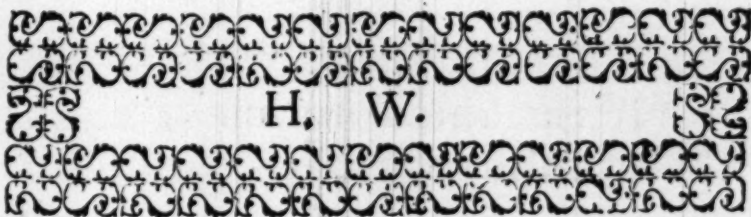
Thou

Though you haue bin at common schoole,
 And enterd plaints in common place;
 Yet you wil proue your selfe a foole,
 To iudge all women void of grace :
 I doubt not but you will be brought,
 Soone to repent this wicked thought.

Your second change let them alow,
 That list mislike their primer choice,
 I lou'd him first, I loue him now,
 To whom I gaue my yeelding voice,
 My faith and loue, I will not giue
 To mortall man, while he doth liue.

What loue is this, that bids me hate,
 The man whom nature bids me loue?
 What loue is this, that sets debate,
 Twixt man and wife? but here I proue:
 Though smothered words seeme very kind,
 Yet all proceed from deuilish mind.

C A N T. LV.



F Rom deuilish mind? well wanton well,
 You thinke your strength is very sure,
 You thinke all women to excell,
 And all temptations to indure.
 These glorious braggs shew but your pride:
 For all will yeeld, if they be tride.

Willobie

You are (I hope) as others bee,
A woman, made of flesh and blood,
Amongst them all, will you goe free,
When all are ill, will you be good?
Assure your selfe, I do not faine,
Requite my loue with loue againe.

Let me be hangd if you be such,
As you pretend in outward shew:
Yet I commend your wisdome much,
Which mou'd me first to loue you so:
Where men no outward shewes detect,
Suspicious minds can nil suspect.

But to the matter; tell me true,
Where you your fancie can incline,
To yeeld your loue, for which I sue,
As fortune hath intangled mine:
For well I know, it's nothing good,
To striue against the raging flood.

What you mislike, I will amend,
If yeares I want, why I will stay,
My goods and life here I will spend,
And helpe you still in what I may:
For though I seeme a headlong youth,
Let time be triall of my truth.

Your name by me shall not be crackt,
But let this tongue from out my iawes,
Be rent, and bones to peeces rackt,
If I your secrets doe disclose,
Take good aduisement what you say,
This is my good, or dismall day.

C A N T. LVI.

A V I S A.

YEs, so I will, you may be bold,
 Nor will I vse such strange delaies;
 But that you shall be quickly told,
 How you shall frame your wandring waies:
 If you will follow mine aduise,
 Doubt not but you shall soone be wise.

To loue, excepting honest loue,
 I can not yeeld, assure your mind;
 Then leaue this frutelesse sute to moue,
 Least like to *Sisyphus* you find,
 With endlesse labour, gainelesse paine,
 To role the stone that turnes againe.

You want no yeares, but rather wit,
 And dew forecast in that you seeke,
 To make your choice that best may fit,
 And this is most that I mislike;
 If you be free, liue where you list,
 But still beware of, Had I wist.

Serue God, and call to him for grace,
 That he may stay your slipperie slides,
 From treading out that sinfull trace,
 That leades where endlesse sorrowe bides,
 Thus shall you wisely guide your feete;
 Though youth and wisdom seldome meete.

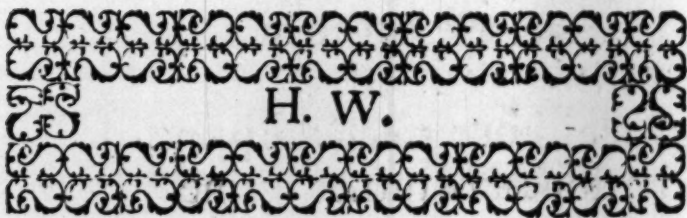
Willobie

And if you find, you haue no gift,
To liue a chaste and matelesse life,
Yet feare to vse vnlawfull shift,
But marry with some honest wife,
 With whom you may contented liue,
 And wandring mind from folly driue.

*Fuggi quel pi-
acer presente,
che ti da dolor
futuro.*

Fly present pleasure that doth bring
Insuing sorrow, paine and griefe;
Of death beware the poy'sned sting,
That hatcheth horror fance reliefe,
 Take this of me, and in the end
 I shall be thought your chieftest frend.

C A N T. LVII.



IF then the wellspring of my ioy,
A floud of woe, in fine become,
If loue ingender loues annoy,
Then farewell life, my glasse is runne:
 If you thus constant still remaine;
 Then must I die, or liue in paine.

Thrice happie they, whose ioyned harts,
Vnited wils haue linckt in one,
Whose eies discern the due desarts,
The griping griefe, and grieuous grone,
 That faith doth breed in setled mind,
 As fancies are by fates inclind.

And

And shall I role the restlesse stone?
And must I proue the endlesse paine?
In curelesse care shall I alone,
Consume with griefe, that yeelds me gaine?
If so I curse these eies of mine,
That first beheld that face of thine.

Your will must with my woe dispence,
Your face the founder of my smart,
That pleasant looke fram'd this offence,
These thrilling gripes that gall my hart,
Sith you this wound, and hurt did giue,
You must consent to yeeld relieue.

How can I cease, while fancie guides
The restlesse raines of my desire?
Can reason rule, where folly bides?
Can wit inthralld to will retire?
I little thought, I should haue mist,
I neuer feard of, Had I wist.

Let old men pray, let setled heads
Inthrall their necks to wedlocke band,
Shrend golden gyues, who euer weds
With pleasant paine, shall take in hand:
But I will be your faithful frend,
If health by hope you yeeld to send.

Willobie

C A N T. LVIII.



WHat filthy folly, raging lust,
What beastly blindnes fancy breeds?
As though the Lord had not accurst,
With vengeance due, the sinfull deeds?
Though vaine-led youth with pleasure swell,
Yet marke these words that I shall tell.

Gen. 38. 24

Whoremoun-
gers burnt.

Who so with filthy pleasure burnes;
His sinfull flesh with fierie flakes
Must be consum'd; whose soule returnes
To endlesse paine in burning lakes.
You seeme by this, to wish me well,
To teach me tread the path to hell.

Call you this (Loue) that bringeth sin,
And sowes the seeds of heauie cheere?
If this be loue, I pray begin,
To hate the thing I loue so deere;
I loue no loue of such a rate,
Nor fancie that, which God doth hate.

Prover. 5. 3.

But what saith he that long had tryde
Of harlots all the wanton flights;
Beware least that your hart be tyde,
To fond affects by wanton sights:
Their wandring eies, and wanton looks
Catch fooles as fish, with painted hookes.

Their

Their lippes with oyle and honie flow,
Their tongues are fraught with flattering guile;
Amidst these ioyes great sorrowes grow;
For pleasures flourish but a while,
Their feete to death, their steps to hell,
Do swiftly slide, that thus do mell.

Then flie this dead and dreadfull loue,
This signe of Godsreuenging ire;
Let loue of God such lust remoue,
And quench the flames of foule desire:
If you will count me for your frend,
You must both workes and words amend.

C A N T LXI.

With this bitter reply of *Auisa*, H. W. being somewhat daunted, yet not altogether without hope, went home to his house, and there secretly in a melancolike passion wrote these verses following.

H. W. To *AVISA* my
friendly foe.

THe busie Gnat about the candle, howering still doth flie,
The slimie Fish about the bayt, still wauering doth lie,
The fearefull Mouse about the trap doth often try his strength,
Vntill both Gnat, and Fish and Mouse, be taken at the length,
Euen so unhappie I, do like my greatest baine,
Vnlesse you do with speede, release my mortall paine.

Sixaine,

Willobie

Quatraine.

The light foote hart desires the waters brooke,
The dogge most sicke the greenest grasse doth craue.
The wounded wight for surgeon still doth looke,
Vntill both hart, and dogge, and wight their medicine haue:
But I with grieve th' unhappiest of them all,
Do still delight to be my enemies thrall.

Denxaine.

Mine enemy I say, though yet my sweetest friend,
If of my sorrowes I may see some speedie holtsome end.

FINIS. Chi la dura, la Vince.

CANT. LXII.

AVIS A. her reply to H. VV.

THe busie Gnat for want of wit,
Doth singe his wings in burning flame,
The Fish with baite will headlong flie,
Till she be choked with the same;
So you with Gnat and Fish will play,
Till flame and foode worke your decay.

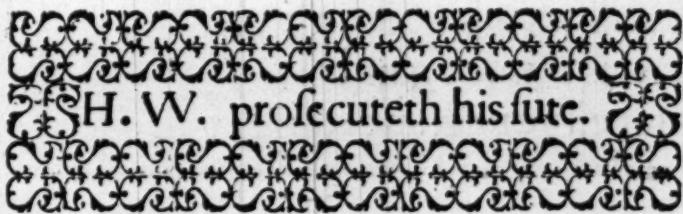
The heedlesse Mouse, that tries the trap,
In hast to reach her harts desire,
Doth quickly find such quaint mishap,
That barres her strength from free retire,
So you will neuer ceasse to craue,
Till you haue lost that now you haue.

The

*The hart, the dogge, the wounded wight,
For water, grasse, and Surgeon call,
Their griefes and cures, are all but light,
But your conceite surpast them all;
Except you change your wanton mind,
You shall no ease, nor comfort find.*

*Alway the same
Auifa.*

C A N T. LXIII.



Will not your laughty stomacke stoupe?
Will not this selfe conceite come downe?
As haggard louing mirthlesse coupe,
At friendly lure doth checke and frowne?
Blame not in this the Faulkners skill,
But blame the Hawkes vnbridled will.

Your sharp replies, your frowning cheare,
To absent lines, and present vew,
Doth aie redouble trembling feare,
And griping griefes do still renew,
Your face to me my sole reliefe,
My sight to you your onely grieve.

Villobie

O lucklesse wretch, what hap had I,
To plant my loue in such a soile?
What furie makes me thus relie
On her that seekes my vtter spoile?

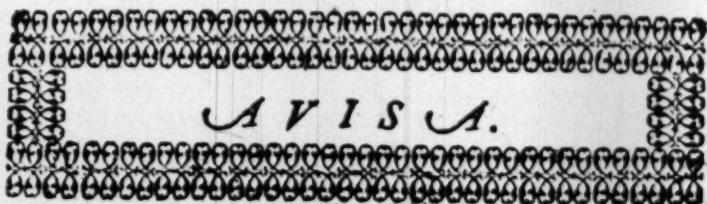
O Gods of loue what signe is this,
That in the first, I first should mis?

And can you thus increase my woe,
And will you thus prolong my paine?
Canst kill the hart that loues thee so,
Canst quit my loue with foule disdaine?
And if thou canst, woe worth the place,
Where first I saw that flattering face.

And shall my folly proue it trew,
That hastie pleasure doubleth paine,
Shall grieve rebound, where ioye grew?
Of faithfull hart is this the gaine?
Me thinks for all your graue aduise,
(For giue my thought) you are not wise.

Would God I could restraine my loue,
Sith you to loue me can not yeeld,
But I alas can not remoue
My fancie, though I die in feeld;
My life doth on your loue depend,
My loue and life at once must end.

C A N T. LXIII.



What

WHat witleffe errors do poffesse
The wretched minds of louing fooles,
That breathleffe runne to such distresse,
That liuely heate fond sorrowe cooles?
They reke not where they stand or fall,
Deny them loue, take life and all.

It seemes a death to change their mind,
Or alter once their foolish will,
Such od conceites they seeke to find,
As may their childish fancies fill,
It makes me smile thus, now and then,
To see the guise of foolish men.

I can not stoupe to wandring lure;
My mind is one, and still the same;
While breath, while life, while daies indure,
I will not yeeld to worke my shame,
Then if you striue and stirre in vaine,
Blame but the fruites of idle braine.

If I do sometimes looke awrie,
As loth to see your blobered face,
And loth to heare a yong man crie,
Correct for shame this childish race,
And though you weepe and waile to mee,
Yet let not all these follies see.

Good *Harry* leaue these raging toyes,
That thus from restlessse fancie flow,
Vnfit for men, not meete for boyes,
And let's a while talke wisely now;
If that you loue me as you say,
Then cease such madnes to bewray.

Willobie

If honest loue could breed content,
And frame a liking to your will,
I would not sticke to giue consent,
To like you so, and loue you still,
But while lust leades your loue awrie,
Assure your selfe, I will denie.

CANT. LXV.



ANd is it lust that welds my loue?
Or is it but your fond surmise?
Will you condemne, before you proue?
How can I thinke you to be wise?
O faithfull hart, yet thrice accurst,
That art misdeemd thus at the first.

If lust did rule my restlesse hart,
If onely lust did beare the sway,
I quickly could asswage my smart,
With choise, and change, for euery day,
You should not laugh to see me weepe,
If lust were it that strake so deepe.

And yet at first, before I knew,
What vaine it was that bled so sore,
Wher lust or loue, to proue it trew,
I tooke a salue that still before
Was wont to helpe, I chose me one,
With whom I quencht my lust alone.

Yet

Yet this (sweete hart) could not suffice,
Nor any way content my mind,
I felt new qualmes, and new arise,
And stronger still, and strong I find,
By this, I thus doe plainely proue,
It is not lust, but faithfull loue.

A bad argu-
ment to prou
good loue.

And yet to proue my loue more sure,
And sith you will not false your faith,
This pining plight I will indure,
Till death do stop your husbands breath;
To haue me then if you will say,
I will not marrie, till that day.

If you will giue your full consent,
When God shall take your husbands life,
That then you will be well content,
To be my spouse and louing wife,
I will be ioyfull as before,
And till that time, will craue no more.

C A N T, LXVI.



N O more; no more, too much of this,
And is mine yench become an ell:
If thus you writh my words amis,
I must of force, bid you farwell,
You shew in this your louing bent,
To catch at that, I neuer ment:

Willobie

I thought at first, (but this my t hough
I must correct;) that simple loue,
In guilles hart these fits had wrought.
But I; too simple I, now proue,
That vnder shew of great good will,
My harts delight you seeke to spill.

He loues me well, that tils a trap,
Of deepe deceite, and deadly baine,
In dreadfull daungers thus to wrap
His friend by baites of flering traine:
Though flattering tongues can paint it braue
Your words do shew, what loue you haue.

I must consent, and you will stay
My husbands death. Obtaining this,
You thinke I could not say you Nay:
Nor of your other purpose mis,
You are deceiu'd, and you shall trie,
That I such faith, and friends desie.

Such fained, former, faithlesse plot
I most detest, and tell you plaine,
If now I were to cast my lot,
With free consent to chuse againe,
Of all the men I euer knew,
I would not make my choice of you.

Let this suffice, and do not stay
On hope of that which will not be,
Then cease your sute, go where you may,
Vaine is your trust, to hope on me.
My choice is past, my hart is bent,
While that remaines to be content,

Now

Now hauing tract the winding trace
 Of false resemblance, giue me leaue,
 From this to shew a stranger grace,
 Then heretofore, you did perceaue,
 Gainst frendlesse loue if I repyne,
 The fault is yours, & none of myne.

CANT. LXVII.



I Will not wish, I cannot vow,
 Thy hurt, thy griefe, though thou disdain,
 Though thou refuse, I know not how,
 To quite my loue with loue againe:
 Since I haue swore to be thy frend,
 As I began, so will I end.

Sweare thou my death, worke thou my woe,
 Conspire with greefe to stop my breath,
 Yet still thy frend, & not thy foe
 I will remayne vntill my death:
 Choose whome thou wilt, I will resigne,
 If loue, or faith, be like to mine.

But while I wretch too long haue lent
 My wandering eyes to gaze on thee.
 I haue both tyme, & trauell spent
 In vaine, in vaine: and now I see,
 They do but frutelesse paine procure,
 To haggard kytes that cast the lure.

P

VWhen

Willobie

When I am dead, yet thou mayst boast,
Thou hadst a friend, a faithfull friend,
That living liu'd to loue thee most,
And lou'd thee still vnto his end:

Though thou vnworthy, with disdain
Didst force him liue, and dye in paine.

Now may I sing, now sigh, and say,
Farewell my lyfe, farewell my ioy,
Now mourne by night, now weepe by day,
Loue, too much loue breeds myne annoy:

What can I wish, what should I craue,
Sith that is gon, that I should haue.

Though hope be turned to dispaire,
Yet giue my tongue leaue to lament,
Beleeue me now, my hart doth sweare,
My lucklesse loue was truly ment:

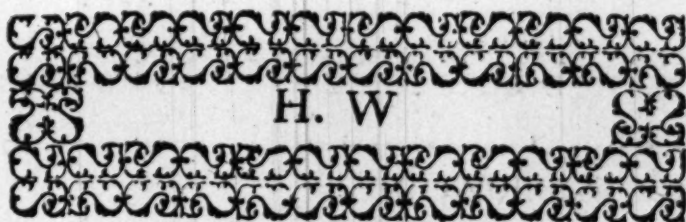
Thou art too proud, I say no more,
Too stout, and wo is me therefore.

Felice chipuo.

CANT. LXVIII.

Amisa hauing heard this patheticall fancy of *H.W.* and seeing the teares trill downe his cheekes, as halfe angry to see such passionate follie, in a man that should haue gouernment, [with a frowning countenance turned from him, without farder answer, making silence her best reply, and following the counsell of the wise, not to answer a foole in his folly lest he grow too foolish, returned quite from him, and left him alone. But he departing home, and not able by reason to rule the raginge fume of this phantasticall fury, cast himselfe vpon his
bed

bed, & refuſing both foode & comfort for many daies together, fell at length into ſuch extremity of paſſionate affections, that as many as ſaw him, had great doubt of his health, but more of his wittes, yet, after a long ſpace a ſlence, hauing procured ſome reſpite from his ſorrowes, he takes his pen & wrate, as followeth.



L *Yke wounded Deare, whose tender ſydes are bath'd in blood,
From deadly wound, by ſatall hand & forked ſhaft:
So bleedes my pearced hart, for ſo you thinke it good,
With cruelty to kill, that which you got by craft:
You ſtill did loth my lyfe, my death ſhall be your gaine,
To dye to do you good, I ſhall not thinke it paine.*

*My perſon could not pleaſe, my talke was out of frame,
Though hart and eye could neuer brooke my loathed ſight,
Yet loue doth make me ſay, to keepe you out of blame,
The fault was only mine, and that you did but right,
When I am gon, I hope my gholt ſhall ſhew you plaine,
That I did truly loue, and that I did not faine.*

*Now muſt I ſynd the way to waile while lyfe doth laſt,
Yet hope I ſoone to ſee, the end of dolefull dayes;
When floudes of flowing feares, and creeping cares are paſt,
Then ſhall I leaue to ſing, and write theſe pleaſant layes:
For now I loth the foode, and bloud that lendes me breath,
I count all pleaſures paine that keepe me from my death.*

Willobie

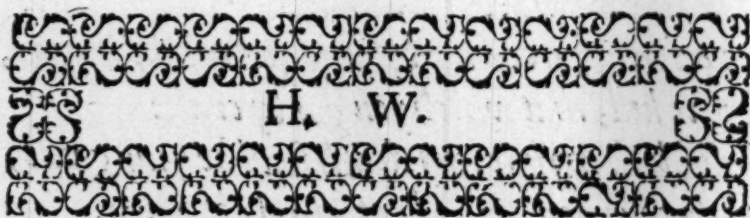
To darke and heauy shades, I now will take my flight,
Where nether tongue nor eye shall tell or see my fall,
That there I may disiect these dregges of thy disspight,
And purge the clotted blood, that now my hart doth gall:
In secret silence so, Perforce shall be my song,
Till truth make you confesse that you haue done me wrong.

Gia speme spenta.

H. W.

Anisa refusing both to come or send him any answer, after a long & melancholike deliberation, he wrate againe so as followeth.

C A N T. LXIX



T Hough you refuse to come or send,
Yet this I send, though I do stay,
Vnto these lynes some credit lend,
And marke it well what they shall say,
They cannot hurt, then reade them all,
They do but shew their maisters fall.

Though you disdaine to shew remorse,
You were the first and onely wight,
Whose fawning features did inforce
My will to runne beyond my might:
In semall face such force we see,
To captiue them, that erst were free.

Your

Your onely word was then a law
 Vnto my mynd, if I did sinne,
 Forgiue this sinne, but then I saw
 My bane or blisse did first beginne,
 See what my fancy coulde haue donne,
 Your loue at first, if I had wonne.

All fortune flat I had defyde,
 To choice and change defyance sent,
 No frowning fates could haue denyde,
 My loues pursute, & willing bent,
 This was my mynd, if I had found
 Your loue as myne, but halfe so sound.

Then had I had the hellish rout,
 To frounce aloft their wrinckled front,
 And cursed hagggs that are so stout,
 I boldly would haue bid anaunt,
 Let earth and ayre haue fround their fill,
 So I had wrought my wished will.

No raging storme, nor whirling blast,
 My settled heart could haue annoyd,
 No sky with thundering cloudes oreast
 Had hurt, if you I had enioyd,
 Now hope is past, loe you may see,
 How euery toy tormenteth mee.

Chi cerca troua.

CANT.

VVillobie
C A N T. LXX.

H. W.



*Ith oken planckes to plane the waues,
What Neptune's rage could I haue fear'd
To quell the gulse that rudely raues,
What perill could haue once appear'd?*

*But now that I am left alone;
Bare thoughts enforce my hart to grone.*

*With thee to passe the chamfered groundes,
What force or feare could me restraine?
With thee to chase the Scillan houndes,
Me thinkes it were a pleasant paine,
This was my thought, this is my loae,
Which none but death, can yet remone.*

*It then behoues my fainting sprite,
To lofty skyes retorne againe,
Sith onely death bringes me delite,
Which louing liue in curelesse paine,
VVhat hap to strangers is assind,
If knowne frendes doo such fauour find.*

*How often haue my frendly mates
My louing errors laught to scorne,
How oft for thee found I debates,
VVhich now I wish had beene forborne:
But this & more would I haue donne,
If I thy fauour could haue wonne.*

I saw your gardens passing fyne,
 With pleasant flowers lately dect,
 With Couslops and with Eglentine,
 When wofull Woodbyne lyes reiect:
 Yet these in weedes and briars meet,
 Although they seeme to smell so sweet.

The dainty Daysy brauely spring^{es},
 And cheefest honour seemes to get,
 I enuy not such frendly thinges,
 But blesse the hand that these haue set:
 Yet let the Hysope haue his place,
 That doth deserue a speciall grace.

Vini, Chi vince.

CANT. LXXI.



B Vt now farewell, your selfe shall see,
 An odd exchange of frends in tyme,
 you may perhappes then wish for mee,
 And waile too late this cruell cryme:
 Yea wish your selfe perhaps beshrewd,
 That you to me such rigor shewd.

I cannot force you for to like,
 Where cruell fancy doth rebell,
 I must some other fortune seeke,
 But where or how I cannot tell:
 And yet I doubt where you shall find
 In all your life so sure a friend.

Willobie

Of pleasant dayes the date is donne,
My carcase pyneth in conceat,
The lyne of lyfe his race hath runne,
Expecting sound of deathes retreat :
Yet would I liue to loue thee still,
And do thee good against thy will.

How can I loue, how can I liue,
Whil'st that my hart hath lost his hope,
Dispaire abandons sweet reliefe,
My loue, and life haue lost their scope:
Yet would I liue thy feature to behold,
Yet would I loue, if I might be so bold.

These verses
exceed mea-
sure, to shew
that his affec-
tions keepe no
compassse, and
is exceeding
due.

My grieve is greene, and neuer springes,
My sorrowe full of deadly sap,
Sweet death remoue these bitter thinges,
Giue end to hard and cruell hap:
Yet would I liue, if I might see,
My life, or limmes might pleasure thee.

Farewell that sweet and pleasant walke,
The witnesse of my faith and wo,
That oft hath heard our frendly talke,
And giu'n me leaue my grieve to show,
O pleasant path, where I could see
No crosse at all but onely shee.

Il fine, fa il tutto.

CANT. LXXII.

H. W.



*L*ike silly Bat, that loues the darke,
 And seldome brookes the wished light,
 Obscurely so I seeke the marke,
 That aye doth vanish from my sight,
 Yet shall she say, I died her friend,
 Though by disdain she sought mine end.

Faine would I cease, and hold my tong,
 But loue and sorrow set me on,
 Needes must I plaine of spitefull wrong,
 Sith hope and health will both be gon,
 When branch from inward rind is fled,
 The barke doth wish the body dead.

If euer man were borne to woe,
 I am the man, you know it well,
 My chiefeest friend, my greatest foe,
 And heauen become my heauie hell,
 This do I feele, this do I find:
 But who can loose, that God will bind?

For since the day, O dismall day,
 I first beheld that smiling face,
 My fancie made her choice straight way,
 And bad all other loues giue place,
 Yea since I saw thy louely sight,
 I frize and frie, twixt ioye and spight.

Willobie

Where fond suspect doth keepe the gate,
There trust is chased from the dore,
Then faith and truth will come too late,
Where falshod will admit no more;
Then naked faith and loue must yeeld,
For lacke offence, and flie the feeld.

Then easier were it for to chuse,
To crale against the craggie hill,
Then sutes, then sighs, then words to vse,
To change a froward womans will,
Then othes and vowes are all in vaine,
And truth a toye, where fancies raigne.

Ama, Chi ti ama.

C A N T. LXXIII.



MY tongue, my hand, my ready hart,
That spake, that felt, that freely thought,
My loue, thy limbes, my inward smart,
Haue all performed what they ought,
These all do loue you yet, and shall,
And when I change, let vengeance fall.

Shall I repent, I euer saw
That face, that so can frowne on mee?
How can I wish, when fancies draw
Mine eies to wish, and looke for thee?
Then though you do denie my right,
Yet bar me not from wished sight.

And

And yet I craue, I know not what,
Perchance my presence breeds your paine,
And if I were perswaded that,
I would in absence still remaine,
You shall not feele the smallest grieve,
Although it were to saue my life,

Ah woe is me, the case so stands,
That sencelesse papers plead my wo,
They can not weepe, nor wring their hands,
But say perhaps, that I did so,
And though these lines for mercie craue,
Who can on papers pittie haue?

O that my griefes, my sighs, my teares,
Might plainly muster in your vew,
Then paine, not pen, then faith, not feares,
Should vouch my vowes, and writings trew,
This wishing shewes a wofull want,
Of that which you by right should grant.

Now fare thou well, whose wel-fare brings
Such lothsome feare, and ill to me.
Yet heere thy friend this farwell sings,
Though heauie word a farwell be.
Against all hope, if I hope still,
Blame but abundance of good will.

Grand Amore, grand Dolore,
Inopem me copia fecit.
H. W.

Willobie

CANT, LXXIIII.

AVIS A. her last reply.



Our long Epistle I haue read,
Great store of words, and little wit,
(For want of wit, these fancies bred)
To aunswere all I thinke not fit,
But in a word, you shall perceauē,
How kindly I will take my leaue.

When you shall see sweete Lillies grow,
And flourish in the frozen yse,
When ebbing tides shall leaue to flow;
And mountaines to the skies shall ryse,
When roring Seas do cease to raue,
Then shall you gaine the thing you craue.

When Fish as haggard Hawkes shall flie,
When Seas shall flame, and Sunne shall freese,
When mortall men shall neuer die,
And earth shall yeeld, nor herbe nor trees,
Then shall your words my mind remoue,
And I accept your proffered loue.

When Thames shall leaue his channell drie,
When Sheepe shall feede amidst the Sea.
When stones aloft, as Birds shall flie,
And night be changed into Day,
Then shall you see that I will yeeld,
And to your force resigne the feeld.

his Auifa.

62

Till all these things doe come to passe,
Assure your selfe, you know my mind,
My hart is now, as first it was,
I came not of dame Chrysiedes kind,
Then leaue to hope, learne to refraine,
Your mind from that, you seeke in vaine.

I wish you well, and well to fare,
And there with all a godly mind,
Deuoid of lust, and foolish care,
This if you seeke, this shall you find.
But I must say, as erst before,
Then cease to waile, and write no more.

*Alway the same
Auifa.*

H. W. Was now againe striken so dead, that hee
hath not yet any farder assaid, nor I thinke euer will,
and where he be aliue or dead I know not, and therefore
I leaue him.

Willobie

The Authors conclusion.

SO thus she stands vnconquered yet,
As Lanibe amidst the Lions pause,
Whom gifts, nor wils, nor force of wit,
Could vanquish once with all their shewes,
To speake the truth, and say no more,
I neuer knew her like before.

Then blame me not, if I protest,
My fillie Muse shall still commend
This constant A. aboue the rest,
While others learne their life to mend,
My tongue on high and high shall raise,
And alway sing her worthie praise.

While hand can write, while wit deuise,
While tongue is free to make report,
Her vertue shall be had in prise
Among the best and honest sort,
And they that wil mislike of this,
I shall suspect, they strike amis.

Eternall then let be the fame
Of such as hold a constant mind,
Eternall be the lasting shame,
Of such as waue with euery wind:
Though some there be that will repine;
Yet some will praise this wish of mine.

But here I cease for feare of blame,
Although there be a great deale more,
That might be spoken of this dame,
That yet lies hid in secret store,
If this be lik't, then can I say,
Ye may see more another day.

F I N I S.

Agitante calescimus illo.
Farewell.

The resolution of a chaste and a constant wife, *that minds to continue* faithfull vnto her husband. To the tune of Fortune.

THough winged Birds, do often skorne the lure,
And flying farre, do thinke them selues most sure,
Yet fancie so, his luring ingines frame,
That wildest harts, in time become most tame.

Where secret nature, frames a sweete consent,
Where priuie fates their hidden force haue bent,
To ioyne in hart, the bodies that are twaine,
Flie where you list, you shall returne againe.

From fancies lore, I striued still to flie,
Long time I did my fortune flat denie,
Till at the length, my wrastring bred my woe,
Knowing that none, their fortune can forgoe.

For while I liu'd, in prime of vernant youth,
Falshood that shew'd, the face of fained truth,
Falsly gan weane, a web of wylie kind;
So to intrap, my plaine and simple mind.

Great were the sutes, great were the frendly signes,
Sweete were the words, to poyson tender minds,
Large were the gifts, great were the proffers made,
To force my mind, to trie a trustlesse trade.

Great were the wights, that dayly did conspire,
To pluck the rose, their fancies did desire,
Traile did the teares, in hope to purchase trust,
Yet this was all, no loue, but luring lust.

Willobie

No fancie could then force me to replie,
Nor moue my mind such doubtfull deeds to trie:
For well I knew, although I knew not all,
Such trickle trades procure a suddaine fall.

Thus did I mount, thus did I flie at will,
Thus did I scape the foulers painted skill,
Thus did I saue, my feathers from their lime,
Thus did I liue, a long and happie time.

Cupid that great, and mightie kings could moue,
Could neuer frame, my hart to like of loue,
His limber shafts, and eke his golden dart;
Were still too blunt, to pearce my steellie hart.

Till at the length, as nature had asind,
Vnto the earth, I bent a willing mind:
He was the first, to whom I gaue my hand,
With free consent, to liue in holy band.

Eua that gaue her faithfull promise so,
With Adam to liue in wealth and in wo,
Of faithfull hart, could neuer haue more store,
Then I haue felt, thrice three yeares space & more:

When I had gieu'n my hart and free consent,
No earthly thing could make me once repent,
No Seas of grieve, ne cares that I could find,
Could so preuaile, to make me change my mind.

Did fortune fawne, or did our fortune frowne,
Did he exalt, or did he cast him downe,
My faithfull hart did euer make me sing,
Welcome to me, what euer fortune bring.

Now when I thought, all dangers had bene past
Of lawlesse sutes, an sutors at the last,
The trade, the time, the place wherein I liue,
Vnto this Lampe, new oyle doe dayly giue.

But

But like of this all you that loue to range,
 My fixed hart likes not the skittish change,
 Now haue I made the choice that shall remaine,
 Vengeance befall, when I do change againe.

Now haue I found a friend of high desert,
 I haue his loue, and he hath stoole my hart,
 Now fortune packe, with all thy pelting store,
 This is my choise, I like to chuse no more

Cease then your futes, yee lustie gallants all,
 Thinke not I stoupe at euery Faulkners call,
 Trusse vp your lures, your luring is in vaine,
 Chosen is the Pearch, whereon I will remaine.

Spend not your breath in needlesse fained talkes,
 Seeke other mates, that loue such rouing walkes,
 None shall euer vaunt, that they haue my consent,
 Then let me rest, for now I am content.

Great be your birth, and greater be your wealth,
 I reckon more my credit and my health,
 Though I be weake, my power very scant,
 God so prouides that I shal neuer want.

Be mine owne at home, or be he absent long,
 Absent or present, this still shall be my song,
 Fortune my friend, A friend to me hath lent,
 This is my choise, and therewith am content.

Range they that list, and change who euer will,
 One hath mine oth, and his I will be still,
 Now let vs fall, or let vs rise on hie,
 Still will I sing, now well content am I.

The praise of a contented mind.

THe God that framde the fixed pole, and Lamps of gleaming light,
The azure skies, and twinkling Starres, to yeeld this pleasant sight,
In wisdom pight this perelesse plot, a rare surpassing frame,
And so with braue and sweete delights, haue fraught and dect the same,
That euery creature keeps his course, his compasse and his place,
And with delightfull ioye runnes, his pointed time and race,
In one consent they friendly ioyne, from which they can not fall,
As if the Lord had first ordainde, one soule to guide them all,
In euery part there doth remaine, such loue and free consent,
That every frame doth kisse his lot, and cries I am content,
The Articke pole that neuer moues, by which the shipmen saile,
Craues not to change his frozen Axe, nor from his place to steale,
The fixed Starres, that sildome range, delight their circles so,
That from their choise by wanton change, they neuer yeeld to go.
The Sunne and Moone that neuer hide, their braue resplendent raies,
Did neuer wish in wauering will, to change their wonted waies.
The roaring Sea, with ebbs and tides, that leapes against the land,
Is yet content for all his rage, to stay within his band,
The floating Fish, the singing Bird, all beasts with one consent,
To liue according to their kind, do shew them selues content,
So that by practise and by prooffe, this sentence true I find,
That nothing in this earth is like, a sweete contented mind.
The beasts, the Birds, and ayrie powers, do keepe their compasse well,
And onely man aboue the rest, doth loue for to rebell,
This onely man, the Lord aboue, with reason did indue,
Yet onely man, vngratefull man, doth shew himselfe vntrue.
No sooner was braue Adam made, but Sathan wrought his thrall,
For not content, aspiring pride, procurde his suddaine fall.
The princely Primerose of the East, proud Eua gaue consent,
To change her blisse to bale, for that, her mind was not content.
Thus may the darkeſt eie perceiue, how follie strikes vs blind,
Thus may we see the often change, of mans vnconstant mind,
The Moone, the Sea, by natures course, do not so often change,
As do the wits, and wanton wils, of such as loue to range.
The rangling rage that held from home, Vlisses all too long,
Made chaste Penelope complaine of him that did her wrong.
The lothsome daies, and lingering nights, her time in spinning spent:
She would not yeeld to change her choice, because she was content.
Such calme content doth plainely shew, that loue did much abound,
Where free consent breeds not content, such faith is seldome found.
For carelesse Crysed that had gin, her hand, her faith and hart,
To Troylus her trustie friend, yet falsely did depart:
And giglot like from Troye towne, to Grecians campe would goe,

To

To Diomedes, whom in the end, she found a faithless foe,
 For hauing flui'd the gentle slip, his loue was turn'd to hate.
 And she a leaper did lament, but then it was too late.
 Now foolish fancie was the cause, this Cryed did lament,
 For when she had a faithfull friend, she could not be content.
 Ten thousand fell at Troyes siege, whose bloud had not bene spent,
 If fickle headded Hellen could, at first haue bene content.
 You can not in the Serpents head, such deadly poyson find,
 As is the fained loue that liues, with discontented mind.
 Of all the wisdom of the wise, that I could euer tell,
 This wisdom beares the chiefeft sway, to stay when we be well,
 As sweetest Musicke rudely iarres, except there be consent:
 So hottest loue doth quickly coole, except it be content.
 Of all the braue resounding words, which God to man hath lent,
 This soundeth sweetest in mine eare, to say. *I am content.*

Euer or Neuer.

FINIS.



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Willoby, H.